

THE  
SOUTH BRITON.  
A  
C O M E D Y.

As it is performed at the  
T H E A T R E  
I N  
S M O C K-A L L E Y,

Written by a LADY.

---

D U B L I N:

Printed for the A U T H O R,

B Y

GEORGE ALLEN, at the Two Bibles, in Dame-street.

MDCCLXXIV.

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If any Person shall attempt to print or publish this Comedy, or the Musick, without the Proprietor's consent, such Person shall be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the Law.



TO HIS  
EXCELLENCE  
EARL HARCOURT.

My LORD,

NOTHING but that liberty, which the great have in all ages allowed to the children of the muses, can excuse the presumption of inscribing the South Briton to your Excellency;—As an humble imperfect daughter; I venture to present my first offering, conscious of its defects, I do it with diffidence, nor dare I venture to expect the same indulgence will attend it to the closet, with which a generous public have receiv'd it, on it's representations on the stage.—The very great honour your Excellency intended me, on one of these night's, gave an allowable female vanity; nor can I restrain the indulgence of it, on this occasion.— Too much have national distinctions prevailed thro' the empire, and foreign fripperies sullied the genuine British lustre: If I have attempted to paint those little shades in our national character, with a decent expression, and tolerable good humour, it is all the merit I can pretend to; tho' I by no means hope, your Excellency will condescend to view so unfinish'd a picture.— And while my countrymen look up to you with admiration (undistinguish'd in the crowd) I presume to offer my humble tribute; and have the honour to be, with the highest respect and deference, your Excellency's

Most obedient, and

Most humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.

Dublin, 14th January,

1774.

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# Dramatis Personæ.

## M E N.

Mowbray,	Mr. Owens, Mr. Keefe.
Sir Terence O'Shaughnessy,	Mr. Ryder.
Admiral Swivel,	Mr. Parker.
Leslie,	Mr. Sparks, jun.
Young Egerton,	Mr. Waker, Mr. Sparks.
Captain Egerton,	Mr. Hallion, Mr. Meil.
Iffacher, (a Jew)	Mr. T. Jackson.
Donald M'Phereson,	Mr. Wilder.
Strap,	Mr. Deathe, Mr. Vandermere.

## W O M E N.

Elfrida Audley,	Mrs. Lee.
Henrietta Egerton,	Mrs. Sparks.
Mrs. Ornel,	Mrs. Brown.
Mrs. Iffacher,	Mrs. Barry, Mrs. O'Neil.
Jenny,	Mrs. Durravan, Mrs. Price.
Mantua-maker,	Mrs. Logan.
Maid to Mrs. Ornel,	Mrs. Burke.

French Servants to Mowbray, Mr. Dodd, Mr. Neil.

Porters, Mr. Burke, Mr. Mahar.

S C E N E in L O N D O N.



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T H E

# SOUTH BRITON.

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## A C T I.

SCENE I. *The Hall of Mowbray's House, several Trunks, &c. dispersed about it; several Servants in elegant Foreign Liveries occasionally coming in;—a rapping heard at the Door.*

Enter Strap.

Strap. **W**HAT a thundering they keep here !  
The plebeians assault a house of fashion,  
as if they were bombarding a citadel ;—

[Several porters come in with trunks and baggage, &c.  
come, down with your loading ; you'll find another  
cargoe ready at the custom-house, but take care how  
you carry it, for between the rough hands of porters,  
and the unruly swell of crowded streets, 'tis odds if it  
be not ship-wrecked.

1st. Porter. Ay, ay ! The servants of your great folks  
are always saucy ; but had I him on the other side o'  
the door, I'd send his skiff adrift in a jerk :— — bear  
away boys, from Cavendish-square, 'tis a tight run,  
bear away, bear away !— [Exeunt Porters.]

Strap. How rough this sounds to a fresh imported  
native, warm from the Continent. We shipped our  
travelling ward-robe, and collection of curiosities at  
Leghorn, and here we have been three days in London

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after a post-journey by Paris, and it has scarce passed  
the ordeal of custom-house inspection; why those fellows  
are a greater torment to travellers than a swarm of  
musketts.—What my old Caledonian, Donald  
M.c. Pherson, come in boldly man, all friends here.

*Enter Mc. Pherson.*

*Mc. Phers.* Aw! so I noo ken, I parceived a muckle  
throng o' bonny bears gapeing aboot the door, an  
supposing something extraordinary, I vantured to gie a  
peep.—Gin we ha not curiosity, we will na gather  
information.

*Strap.* I rejoice to see you.—What, in the service  
Donald?

*Mc. Phers.* It is a sad thing to gang home without  
prafarmant, so I listed in the gaards to be near the  
court—But turn aboot man; why y're bespaungled  
like the peacock; aw, an sweep as long a tail too,  
from a wild thristleſs bearn, ye ha learn'd some œco-  
nomy I ken.

*Strap.* Away with your ſteril œconomy, with a  
brave English estate. My master (tho' but a commoner)  
is a prince in his nature, we have a spirit superior to  
it in our family.

*Mc. Phers.* The hoose is princely indeed; the crood  
at the door say he is a foreigner, or an ambassador, an  
that he is muckle ganarous; aw, an bleeds like a  
Nabob.

*Strap.* Not a spoonful of foreign blood in his veins,  
I assure you; a pure uncrossed strain before the Nor-  
man conquest; a genuine South Briton born, but a  
little modernized with the times.

*Mc. Phers.* Gin his auncstor was to meet him noo,  
he'd find it muckle hard to ken his awn descendant, I  
fancy. [a rapping at the door heard.]

*Strap.* Hei, Monsieur Chollet, ouvrir l'porte.—Who  
have we here?—His honour is not at home, Sir.

*Enter Issacher.*

*Issac.* Den I'll take de other opportunity, inform him  
Mr. Issacher call.—Hei, turn de carriage about dere.

[Exit.]

*Mc. Phers.* Some oot-laundish bearne. He ha gotten  
an auncient name, aw, an a gaudy equipage, I ken.

*Strap.*

*Strap.* A little Israelite, who has correspondents in all parts, and is an excellent foreign providore, all our remittances passed thro' his hands; he had a golden harvest, and like a true Hebrew reaped it clean.

*Mc. Pher.* An you had an eye to what was scattered, I hope.

*Strap.* Yes, my department is lucrative, but my master's pleasure is the source, from whence my emoluments flow; it is a circle round which he perpetually whirls, every beauty catches his imagination, another as quickly succeeds, thus he roves from flower to flower.—Money is meer chaff to him, man! and pleasure or compassion are the winds which scatter it.

*Mc. Pher.* Gin I ha a mind, I coud gie ye a line of old Horace noo, that woud describe him to a tittle.—But troth, I muckle marvel at your gude fortune, native servants are noo seldom more than the drudges of foreign marcenaries!—

*Strap.* When we had wasted to the Continent, on the wings of desire, I then perceived my name to be horrible; a downright vulgar English christian name; so I converted it into Gilberto, and by this manœuvre saved any imputation on my master's taste, and grew into favour.—Were it not for the antiquity of the family, his own name too wou'd have had a small alteration to give a foreign cadence to the expression.—But here he is!— [a loud rapping heard at the door.]

*Enter Mowbray in an elegant morning dress, spattered with dirt, and followed by some foreign footmen.*

*Strap.* Some accident!—The papie machie Berlin is certainly broke down.—

*Mowb.* The police of this town is intolerable; the unruly mob should be transported to the Continent, to civilize their barbarity.

*Strap.* Lord, your honour! What has happened? One might take the grand tour, and not meet such another piece of barbarous embroidery.

*Mowb.* A perverse renounter between my Swiss coachman, and a waggoner, for the precedence of his clumsy machine; by the assistance of some pieces plentifully dispersed, I rescued my servant from the paws

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of the savage, but sustained some little injury in the attempt.

*Strap.* Why, Sir, the door is so encircled too, ~~that~~ it is at the expence of one's respiration, to make the house; and where your honour suffers, how intolerable is it to us, who do the busines of quadrupedes, by carrying our own weight.

*Mr. Phers.* There's a right modern servant noo!

*Mowb.* What passion suggested; reflection cools.—I cannot correct their licentiousness, lenitives do best in this climate, corrosives only inflame disorders; so send Le Fleur to the dressing-room, to repair these depredations of native freedom. [Exit.]

*Mc. Pher.* By St. Andrew! my eyes deceive me, or this is old squire Mowbray of the Sooth's bearne, I ken. Lord, loid! he's so gay and so altered, I should scarce ha known him.

*Strap.* Yes, yes, he got his uncle Massal's, the India director's, great fortune since his father's death.

*Mc. Phers.* It's a braw thing to ha a fingering in the East noo a-days; grief seldom takes root, i' the laund o' plenty!

*Strap.* You wrong him; he felt most tenderly, paid real respect and unaffected sorrow to their memories, 'til time, youth, and an imagination ever on the wing of pleasure, conquer'd it.

*Mc. Phers.* But there were muckle alterations, soon after the old squire's death, for all that.—

*Strap.* Ay, we exploded your old fashioned hospitality, Bagamon Tables, and tankards of humming beer; flew over the Alps, sipped virgin honey from the luxuriant flowers of Italy, and have brought home such fashions, such equipage; lord! we shall be the standard of taste here immediately.

*Mc. Phers.* A meteor for the crood to gape at, I rather believe. [apart.]

*Strap.* But come, I'll introduce you to our domestics, and be your interpreter, for you must know, there is not a creature in our family, speaks a plain syllable of English, but your humble servant, and his honour, when he condescends to be vulgar.

*Mc.*

*Mc. Pherſ.* Gin one noo to enquire of what it may consist, cou'd ye resolve the question?

*Strap.* Of what the suit of most people of fashion does, some of the produce of every country but their own.—We have Swiss footmen, German musicians, French cooks, Dutch house-maids, Italian grey-hounds, and an Irish wolf-dog. But come I'll make you free of the house.

*Mc. Pherſ.* They'd make a bonny shew at Edinburgh, but the folks are fo accustomed to strange sights here, that they mind little else, gin they get money by them.

{*Exeunt.*}

*SCENE,* Young Egerton's Lodgings, he is discovered writing, after a little Time he throws by the Pen.

*Y. Egert.* I will not write, nor even to an uncle descend to the humiliating character of a suppliant.

*Enter Leslie.*

*Leslie.* Good morrow Egerton.—What! you look melancholy! come, come, don't despont.

*Y. Egert.* A British soldier shou'd never despont; if some brave men are obliged to live below their spirit, nay, sometimes their necessities, our country will again employ their swords, and reward their valour.

*Leslie.* Excellent principles; I admire them in a young man, intituled to better fortune.

*Y. Egert.* Leslie, tho' I stem false adversity, I near sink under my sensibility in a real instance: my Henrietta!

*Leslie.* A sister is indeed, a tender tie: and such a sister!

*Y. Egert.* Ah, Leslie! Beneath the gloomy veil of adversity, there is hid a diamond, whose lustre wou'd eclipse a circle of the gay giddy world.

*Leslie.* Since a boy I have known you in the late war, when you bent beneath the colours at Minden; your story I have often since wished to know, but cou'd not hint my desire; your father was the eldest son, he left a brave, nay more, a good name, yet, a younger brother inherits the estate.

*Y. Egert.* I'll briefly tell you.—A political quarrel produced a rooted animosity between the families of my father and mother, the young people partook not

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of the infection, nearly situated, a mutual passion sprung, and they crowned their wishes by a private marriage; for this they were both disinherited, and my grandfather bequeathed his fortune to this younger brother whom you speak of.

*Leslie.* Unfortunate indeed! but go on.

*T. Egert.* Wearied by a series of disappointment, in the beginning of the war, my father went in the suit of the duke of Cumberland to Germany; my mother (tho' pregnant) followed his fortune. At Hostenbeck, he fell among the gallant corps stationed at the wood; the fatal news brought on my mother's pains, and in the last pangs of nature, she produced my sister and expired.

*Leslie.* 'Tis too affecting, let's change the subject.— Have you any hopes of getting a vacancy in India.

*T. Egert.* There too my evil stars prevail; the produce of my commission here, which I sold for this exchange, is gone, as the house where I lodged the money failed this morning; and my fond expectations of placing my sister, at least secure from want, are vanished with it!

*Leslie.* S'death, why don't you go to this uncle, were his heart as hard as adamant, a spark of nature must now strike from him.

*T. Egert.* In the first moments of surprise, this resource presented itself; and I was about writing, when you came;—he knows our situation, I will not remind him.

*Leslie.* A disgrace to human nature, a monster indeed!

*T. Egert.* Yet, he has some excuse, as the prejudices against my unhappy father were early impressed, and to adapt them was the means to his inheriting the fortune; his life has been spent with fox-hunters, in the gross enjoyment of sensual pleasures. The tender impulses of nature have not yet reached his heart, his sensibility is suspended, not (I hope) eradicated.

*Enter Mc. Pherson.*

*Mc. Pherson.* Worthy captain, I've pursued ye in muckle hale, I've gotten bonny tideings.

*Leslie.* What, is this Mc. Pherson?

*Mc.*

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*Mc. Phers.* I serv'd his father, after oor braw regiment was disbaunded, an gin I was not a wizard, Pd scarce know the bearn noo; young squire Mowbray, he is just gang'd home again, attended by more servants, than many of oor auntient nobility.

*Leslie.* You surprise me! Mr. Mowbray returned?

*Mc. Phers.* Aw! he has gotten a hoose in Caven-dish-square, near as spacious as Holyrood, an it's scant enow to contain his followers, I can tell ye.

*Leslie.* Mc. Pherson, I am obliged to you for this intelligence.

*Mc. Phers.* I were no true Scot gin I woud na gi a coonteynan a lift on occasion, much more my old officer. No, no! we don't forget one another in a strange place! tho' it is a muckle shame for oor great men here, that a Leslie shoud so long staund on the halp-pay list.—Young Mowbray has a British an an Indian fortune, an scatters it with every wind too. F weel ken the regard his father had for you, take my advice, gang to the young bearne. He who has money to throw away, ne'er wants a friend at court. [Exit.]

*Leslie.* Mowbray's arrival is unexpected indeed!

*T. Egert.* You seem interested.

*Leslie.* His father served me, and I regard his son, by nature generous and susceptible; but the tide of fashion hurries him away. The Continent has (I fear) matured a genius calculated to it's meridian, and a noble inheritance may fall a sacrifice to it.

*T. Egert.* A young Briton now-a-days, like the Sun, eclipses the inferior planets of other hemispheres; but few think of their setting, Leslie.

*Leslie.* It is too remote to intrude on the zenith of pleasure. But, Egerton, his arrival interests me on more than this account, on your's, on Miss Audley's.

*T. Egert.* On mine, on Miss Audley's!

*Leslie.* If you ever hope to succeed there, fly to her, use all your influence, or you'll probably loose her immediately.

*T. Egert.* By heaven! you have winged an arrow, that pierced me,—explain yourself!

*Leslie.* It's briefiy thus; her father and his were neighbours, truly old English gentlemen, they vene-

rated

rated the laws, lived hospitably, and dispensed universal benevolence around them ; their fortunes and their children they intended to unite, but as they did not live to perfect their intentions, so strongly was it impressed, that even in the article of death, it was not forgot, and this marriage is strongly recommended by their wills.

*Y. Egert.* What a mine is here ready to spring, and blast my hopes for ever ; yet, why do I repine ? the desire of their fathers, the equality of their fortunes, must supercede the fond, the vain hope of one who has only his heart to bestow.

*Leslie.* They separated too early for theirs to be yet interested, and their sentiments are as wide as the poles.—Away to her directly, address her in the manner of a century ago, whisk away the swarm of flutterers who gather about her, and take your place in the world immediately.

*Y. Egert.* And like an infamous fortune-hunter intrude myself on a fortune. Yet can I loose her Leslie, without one effort of expiring hope ? where will the conflict end ?

*Leslie.* On the side of love, of prudence ; equally descended, a man of worth and a soldier, may, without imputation, aspire to any woman, who approves his suit !

*Enter Jenny.*

*Y. Egert.* My good Jenny, I am doubly glad to see you !

*Jenny.* Vow and goodness, I am all in a flutteration of hurry, I'd be fartinly undone, did any body know I came to tell you ; but by my deed, I wish you well.

*Y. Egert.* I am sensible of it Jenny ; but —

*Jenny.* Lord, Sir ! I have not a minute to stay.—My father was tenant to your family, many a long day, and to be sure now, you and my lady wou'd make the charmingest couple.

*Y. Egert.* For heaven's sake hear me.

*Jenny.* I'm just going to tell you. Wou'd you believe it now gentlemen, she has locked herself up the whole morning, without seeing a mortal christian, our Irish uncle sir Terence is out, and I'd have you come,

You

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You are a fine spoken man, Captain, and may prevail on her to come to herself again.

Y. Egert. Oh! Jenny! could I think I had any influence!—I have ever been obliged to you. Tell me now, is there not —

Jen. —I've told you all; for when I do a thing, I do it with a good heart, and pure good will. I need no spur, I promise you; but I must run for fear of being missed, it is a tedious thing, to work thro' the bustle of these streets!

Y. Egert. Nay, but hear me for a minute, Jenny! and tell me! —

Jen. Vow and gracious, you have a mind to ruin a body, so you have; and then you have such a winning way.—But I must fly, and follow if you dare! [Exit.

Y. Egert. Tormenting, insufferable creature! S'death! I shall run distracted. What hopes can there be against such powerful influence!

Lef. Your own resolution, if you will summon it; and the best auxiliary in the world, her chamber maid, S'death, man! if you love.—

Y. Egert. If I love!—Oh, Leslie! some months since, I took my sister to the country, chance directed us to the neighbourhood of Miss Audley; the singularity of her character took our notice; Henrietta and she became acquainted; irresistibly lovely, her manner, her very singularities carried additional grace, and won my heart, when I thought it not in danger.

Lef. Come, you must not give up. We'll concert a plan of operation, and while you reconnoitre Miss Audley, I'll beat up Mowbray's quarters. Away, away.— [Exeunt.

S C E N E Miss Audley's, *she is discovered, thro' a glass Door in the back Scene, working, in a Room set off with Books.* Jenny runs in, and peeps in at her.

Jen. Lord! I'm quite out of breath; but all's safe, I see!—If I believe in my heart now, there ever was so unaccountable a creature as my mistress, after being shut up all her life with an old fashioned father; here she is for the first time in London; and thus she sits poreing over books the whole live long day.—For my own part, I should die of a consumption, if I

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was to be thus confined in the midst of such hurry and bustle as is every where about us here!—Madam, your toilette is set off; vow, it is mighty pretty, and sure enough, it is a more properer place for a young lady, than a library.

*Miss Audley comes out.*

*Miss Aud.* A piece of useless frippery, Jenny; 'twere well if there was not a toilette in the kingdom.

*Jen.* Mercy on me! thus to run down, what our ladies devote half their lives to.—Madam, you have youth, beauty, fortune, and a load of admirers; and your own mistress into the bargain.—Vow! you shou'd be all life, all spirit here in the center of pleasures, which court your enjoyment.

*Miss Aud.* False pleasures, and effeminate refinement, which has enervated the age, and has no attractions for an unfashionable girl, educated on the principles of better times.

*Jen.* By my deed, Madam, the times are charming times, if you'd only try them, and give up these old opinions, which passed well enough among your father's tenants; who were just like himself, and knew as little of the present world, as the Cherookes, as they call 'em; and so sign, Madam, when we approached the capital, we were taken for lunatics at one of the great inns, and the servants had enough to do to prevent our being stared at by the whole town, by confessing the fact.

*Miss Aud.* What, did they presume to say so?

*Jen.* And well we escaped by it, and their adding that you were sending to London to the doctors. Ay! says one, what a mortal pity so fine a creature shou'd be delirious; some love affair, replies another; yes, answers a third, her poor servant, meaning me, her mistress has bit her in one of her fits, the family shou'd provide for her.—I never was so ashamed in all my life!

*Miss Aud.* A modern lady wou'd have been a much greater curiosity a century since, Jenny.

*Jen.* Then that old English dress, which your father so much admired, and which you will thus partly continue in spite of a body.

Miss

Miss Aud. And what se calculated for comfort and ease ; when these were worn, noble virtue and dignity graced our sex, domestic happiness formed the pleasures of life, and valour and integrity marked their offspring. *(Sir Terence is heard within)*

Jen. As I live, Sir Terence, Madam ; I'll run and see what he wants. *(Exit.)*

Miss Aud. Rough as his country, he preserves its original principles, and enjoys health and spirits at an age, when our moderns here decay. *(Jenny returns)*

Jen. Lord, Lord ! He is full dressed, and in such a profusion of joy, vow, he's enough to frighten a body.

*Enter Sir Terence.*

Sir Ter. Brave news, my girl ! You shou'd be on the very pinnacle of elevation now ; so send away your maid ; we must be alone a little bit together.

Jen. Marry come up !—I have no curiosity, not I—but I'll know what you are about for all that. *(Exit.)*

Sir Ter. Pho, pho ! a *rara avis*, a chamber-maid without curiosity ;—but come, d'you see, sit down here near me, while I ask you two or three questions, by the way of a beginning ;—sit nearer, sit nearer ;—no body shou'd hear us, but ourselves both.

Miss Aud. Mercy ! this must be something of importance : I will answer you with candor, Sir.

Sir Ter. That's a good girl, all our family were remarkable for it ; so without further circumlocutions is there any little affair between you and Captain Egerton ?

Miss Aud. *(starting up)* Any affair between me and Captain Egerton ! What do you suppose me to be, Sir ?

Sir Ter. Why what you are, a lovely girl of nineteen, with flesh and blood, and a good constitution :—Tho' in my seventieth year, an active life, a wholesome climate, and good hospitality, still affords me a sort of fellow-feeling of the sensations of a girl of your years. Come come, don't be offended.

Miss Aud. The abruptness of such a question must surprize, tho' you cannot offend me ; secrets in affairs of the heart, arise from some consciousness in ourselves.

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selves.—I would not palliate, Sir.—I own, I feel for his misfortunes, I admire his tenderness to an orphan sister : I can do this without giving him my heart.

Sir Ter. Why then, I am heartily rejoiced, faith, as I wou'd never wish to force your inclinations, if you had not a mind to it yourself.—No, no, without the heart, the person is as light as a feather in the scale of a man, who is weighed by a particle of honour or sensibility.

Miss Aud. Pray Sir, what do's all this lead too?

Sir Ter. I'll tell you that.—Your mother was my only sister, and I love her memory in the grave ; my affection to her, is now transferred to you, and has brought me over here, for the first time, out of my native country, and if I saw you but once well settled in the world, why I'd gallop back to our sweet island again, have a sveeled bullock and dozen pipers on my highest hill, and give a *Keid meela faulta* to the whole side of the country. —

Miss Aud. Nay, but Sir! —

Sir Ter. Hist girl, your buts, never settled a point.—Your father's will recommends Mr. Mowbray as a husband for you, he is just arrived, and I am going to him, to put the finishing hand to the business.—An executor like a soldier, must punctually obey his orders.—I made this little scouting party for fear of any ambush from this young officer ; but there was no occasion, I find !

Miss Aud. But this injunction, with the spirit of antient freedom, is only conditional on us ; it is not a modern bargain.

Sir Ter. Pho ! Bargains are only for cows or bullocks.—The Levant is the only female market ; tho' faith ! this sort of traffic, is coming nearer home with us a little, on these occasions, by their going round, and round the bush, like two people provoking one another to give the first blow, while the busness might be over, in quarter the time they spend in coming to the point ; so leave this matter to me, and I'll settle it to your satisfaction, I'll warrant, and not be long about it neither.

(going)

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Miss Aud. You will not, indeed, Sir, you must not go.

Sir Ter. Faith but I will tho', for I shall never be at rest 'till it is over. It is right to preserve two old stocks, amidst the exotic variety, which overspreads the two kingdoms.

Miss Aud. My father wou'd not say so, did he behold the son of his friend, mounted on the pinnacle of fashion.

Sir Ter. Child, child! A girl without a husband, is like a ship without a rudder, dashed about by every wave, and in danger of being lost.

Miss Aud. You misconceive this, indeed, you do; much as I revere the intentions of a father, horror presents itself in opposition to the heart.

Sir Ter. I see you have a mind to it, by your scruples; girls act by contrarieties in these affairs, but I'll about it instantly.—It is the characteristic of our island, not to be long about a thing, let it be what it will.—

[Exit.]

Miss Aud. He will not hear me!—How miserable! that the depravity of the world, will thus misconstrue the impulses of friendship, or humanity; but what am I saying, suspicion has taken wing, I must not again see Egerton.—An English Lady like Caesar's wife, shou'd not only be innocent, but unsuspected!

(As she is retiring, young Egerton enters)

Y. Eger. Miss Audley, why shun me?—Hear me for a moment!

Miss Aud. Good Heaven! Mr. Egerton!

Y. Eger. Forgive an intrusion which despair compels: Nay, do not frown upon me!

Miss Aud. Mr. Egerton, there are reasons I must not, cannot see you more.

Y. Eger. Not see me more, 'tis plain!—I will not interrupt your happiness, but seek some wretched corner, and end my life and miseries together!

Miss Aud. What miseries, Sir;—Some misfortune has befallen you. I esteem your character, and wou'd not see you so.

Y. Eger. Ha! hope's return'd again.—The transition

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is too powerful, I cannot express my feelings of this goodness, by this dear hand I cannot —

(takes her hand and kisses it)

Miss Aud. Desist Sir, a base mind cou'd only fabricate hopes on unsuspecting friendship, and send suspicion abroad. You have now establish'd my resolution, not to see you more. It is a sacrifice to my own honour, and if it be any punishment to you, your conduct must tell you, it is merited. — (Exit.

Y. Eger. Madam! Miss Audly! Confusion! --- Yes, yes, her engagement with Mr. Mowbray prevents her seeing me now.

Enter Jenny.

Tell your Mistress, Jenny, she shall be obeyed, --- I had no right to hope, no pretensions to authorise it, --- Mr. Mowbray possesses both!

Jen. There was the world and all to do about him here just now, and Sir Terence is just gone to him in full puff, sure enough.

Y. Eger. Yes, yes, too plain, I read the fatal truth. --- Oh! Fleeting moment of happiness, how transient!

Jen. Poor dear gentleman! my heart bleeds for him. --- Come, don't be faint-hearted, I have something to tell you. (Bell rings) Vow! her bell rings, I'll take another time, --- let this storm abate a little, and begone new.

Y. Eger. Tell her only Jenny! —

(Bell rings again)

Jen. There it is again, away, away, or you'll undo yourself, and put it out of my power to serve you, for it is a hard matter to reconcile her, if she be thoroughly offended, --- away with you, away. — (pushes him out.)

SCENE a dressing-room, Mowbray is discovered after dressing, Leslie with him.

Mow. So, so, I've got refitted and ready for another cruise, if my Pilot does but steer me clear of these rocks; --- the ocean is not sometimes more ungovernable, than our British multitude.

Lef. Does not the lion roar when provoked, and so do they, when they behold enemies preferred to their own sons, their arts despised, and their manufactures neglected,

neglected, for the light, the flimsy baubles of southern climates.

*Mow.* Leslie, I am not disposed to discuss this point, I claim only the privilege of an Englishman, to dispose of money as I please. — Here Le Fleur, give this money to the person who sent this paper. — We shou'd spare a little from pleasure, to bestow on distress— and let those old servants of my father's attend me in the morning, tho' I don't employ them, they must be kept above want; — If my steward is found remiss, he shall find I know how to be served.

*Lef.* What pity that levity and fashionable foibles, shou'd suily such real virtues. — *(aside.)*

*Mow.* And let this catalogue of exotics be sent to Lord Greenly. Banks and Solander have not been more diligent in their researches after nature, Leslie.

*Lef.* Pardon me, I had rather see a noble collection of forest trees, to repair the depredations at Mowbray castle, the seat of your ancestors for centuries; you wish to see it again, I dare be sworn.

*Mow.* Pshaw, Pshaw! a trip to the continent on the pinions of pleasure is something; but a heavy journey to an old mansion, to be saluted by a flight of rooks, and the noisy unpolished civilities of country squires, intolerable! No, no, from the capital, to a contiguous villa, is the extent of a polite excursion at home, unless one dissipates a little time at Bath or Tunbridge for relaxation.

*Lef.* Indeed, you view things thro' a false medium, accustom yourself a little more to your native country, and you'll confess, there is none presents a more luxuriant field for happiness or pleasure; unless you go on to'ther side of Tweed.

*Mow.* Your frigid zone is not calculated for us of the southern pole. You flourish in the warmth of our climate, but your's wou'd soon freeze us I fear.

*Lef.* We are all children of the same empire, and to disparage a part, is some reflection on the whole, methinks.

*Mow.* Proud of being a Briton, I wou'd grant its merit, even to the rough skirts of her borders; but the refinement, the insinuation of the continent, gives even

London

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London a gothic appearance for a time, if you once pass the verge of fashion.—But I forgot—here Chollet --- carry these notes to Lord Dicely, I was successful after his Lordship went with me last night.

*Lef.* Ah! Mr. Mowbray, I'm sorry to see this. Your father did not play.

*Mow.* No, no, he kept open house, bellowed for liberty and property, and preferred an oak to all the exotics in christendom. I pursue the spirit of the age I live in, the same manners wou'd produce little variety.

*Lef.* If they were to hold the Lord have mercy on the next generation; each hospitable mansion wou'd be then a gaming house.

*Mow.* I am not mercenary enough to be a gambler, nor so unfashionable as to decline play, there is no living now-a-days without it. I unfortunately got entangled among an old group of Medusa's, tho' I detest cards with women, unless there is a prospect of a more delightful stake than gold.

*Lef.* In my opinion, the woman who engages too deep in it, runs the chance of putting both to the venter. S'death! the hyena cannot be fabulous, while there is a female gambler to be found.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* Mr. Stollenbergh, Sire, desire to know if you choose de concert, or only de horns dis morning.

*Mow.* I am not disposed for musick to-day.—

*Enter another Servant.*

*Ser.* De picture and medals be arrived, and Mr. Gluccini beg to have your command, where to dispose de'm.—

*Lef.* At the bottom of the Thames, cou'd I command here. [aside.]

*Mow.* I must first consult some of the macaroni here, I'll then determine.

*Lef.* One would imagine, you had determined to banish every thing of your own country from about you.

*Mow.* I have too enlarged an idea of her freedom, therefore, suppose foreigners alone fit for servitude, as for

for fine arts, they only unbrace the strong nerves of our natives.

*Lef.* But your fortune lies here, and methinks it is intitled to some return for the benefits it bestows; pardon my freedom Mr. Mowbray, I owed your father obligations, and cannot restrain the sentiments of my heart, I wou'd not offend you, tho' —

*Mow.* — Speak freely, and I will hear you, but fashion is my polar star, and pleasure the current by which I am driven; early indulged, in expectation of unlimited fortune, to acquire the name of fashion, is the principle to give splendor to it.

*Lef.* It were well for the nation, if the word was exploded the dictionary of their language!

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* Sir Terence O'Shaughnesy, to wait on you, Sire. —

*Mow.* O'Shaugh---na---sy! — he shou'd be a Calmuc by the name, — shew him up.

*Lef.* No, no, an Hibernian; — I'll step to the next chamber while you receive him, tho' I guess his commands.

*Mow.* You'll find some things to amuse you there, 'till I dismiss him. — [Exit.]

*Enter Sir Terence.*

*Sir Ter.* A well proportioned young fellow, and his face carries a good letter of recommendation. — As I have not the honour of being known to you, why I take the liberty of introducing myself, Sir Terence O'Shaughnesy, of the county of Galway, in the kingdom of Ireland, baronet.

*Mow.* Sir Terence your servant, pray be seated, Sir.

*Sir Ter.* With all my heart. I am a rough old Irishman, and much ceremony is not the way with us. You may have heard of many of the name in foreign parts, who for want of employment at home, were fighting other peoples battles abroad, but them times are pretty well over now.

*Mow.* I recollect something of the name in Germany.

*Sir Ter.* Ay, there was a brave parcel of them there, but

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but between ourselves both, I don't find any of the nation, or of you English either, that after you come home again, see better countries than your own.

*Mow.* With these sentiments, how were you prevailed on to cross the channel, Sir?

*Sir Ter.* I'll resolve you that in a moment.—A girl, Sir; ay, and a pretty one too.

*Mow.* —— A girl, Sir Terence.

*Sir Ter.* Where is it a pretty woman can't lead an Irishman, and as to my years, there are some of us Milesians, who have more *stamina vitæ* at seventy, than many of your modern exotics here at twenty one.

*Mow.* Cou'd you recal the the antediluvian age, this wou'd hold better, I fancy.

*Sir Ter.* Born in the bosom of our sweet island, and possessed of a pretty good skirt of a country, under the articles of Limerick; I love my name, and can trace our pedigree as far back as the flood, and I don't find we have fallen off much. — But to the point Mr. Mowbray: You have read your father's will?

*Mow.* Protest, Sir, I don't recollect. Wills and deeds are dry morsels for a fashionable stomach. We leave them to your men of business to digest. —

*Sir Ter.* There is a devise or a salvo in it, that nearly concerns you.

*Mow.* A very good estate, Sir; it nearly concerns me, indeed.

*Sir Ter.* And a lovely girl too, who will add another good one to it. There is no need of ceremony about the matter, so I don't use any, you see.

*Mow.* So I perceive; S'death! he has chill'd my blood! — There is not the least occasion to remind me of this.

*Sir Ter.* So I concluded. You're a mettled fellow I see: Ha, ha, ha! give me your hand upon it. Her father inculcated good old principles, but you'll modernise her.

*Mow.* To her charms, I allow the full extent of their influence. —

*Sir Ter.* Say no more about it. She's your match at any time, never fear her. I knew 'twou'd be quickly settled.

*Mow.*

Mow. There, Sir, I own I fall short. Conscious of my own unworthiness, I cannot aspire to Miss Audley.

Sir Ter. Come, come, no compliments, reserve them for herself, you'll have need of them then. Odds life, you are dressed out, so we'll set off together to her. Be brisk upon her, carry her by storm, man; it is the way in our country, and it seldom fails on occasion.

Mow. Pardon me, Sir, to attend Miss Audley (on such an occasion) is an honour I must decline at present.

Sir Ter. Sir! —————

Mow. It cannot be, Sir.

Sir Ter. So you have been playing the fool with me all this time.—You refuse my niece then, do you?

Mow. Change the epithet, Sir. Miss Audley, can never be refused.

Sir Ter. None of your circumlocutions. An alliance with our family, has not been rejected before, since Milesius our ancestor. But young man, I know how to settle the matter —————

(laying his hand on his sword)

Mow. Hold, Sir, we cannot quarrel;—our affections are not our own. Were the fire of *Prometheus*, to animate the Venus *D'Medicis*, (in my present fluctuating state of mind) I cou'd only seek her as a mistress; and wou'd rather meet your sword, than disgrace my hand, by tendering it without my heart.

Sir Ter. Let me look at you a bit.—For upon my soul now, that is a sentiment worthy of a man, and needs no farther explanation; nor will I ever draw my sword against a person capable of thinking so nobly; and since we can't be relations, why, we must be friends; so there is no need of saying more about it, you have given it the *ne plus ultra*. So your servant for the present.

(Exit.)

Mow. Who waits there.—How antiquely tremendous.—Ha, Leslie! such a conference.

Enter Leslie.

Les. It seem'd to end abruptly, indeed.

Mow. No, it was conclusive, I assure you. But I'll

I'll tell you more as we go. One woman reminds me of another, a lovely innocent I saw with an old lady at the French ambassadors this morning. It was but a transient glance as I passed. Oh! such a creature. S'death, Leslie! a lovely woman's the noblest work of nature, let moralists define as they will. *(Exeunt.)*

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## A C T H.

*An apartment at Issacher's, he enters from a competing-house thro' a door in the back scene, his wife comes in and fawns upon him.*

*Issac.* MRS. ISSACHER.

*Wife.* Sweety, do you call me?

*Issac.* Yes, shut de door, and attend to me.

*Wife.* ————— well now, sweety.

*Issac.* Your sister be handsome, she's reckoned handsome.

*Wife.* Very like me, but not quite so tall.

*Issac.* There be two suits of rich silk I got from Mordecai, de be for her. I pitty her misfortune, she shall live here.

*Wife.* You're naughty now, indeed. What does this profusion lead to. You did not ask her, when her husband failed.

*Issac.* I have my reasons, enquire no farther. Was Mr. Mowbay here v'en I was at de alley?

*Wife.* No sweety, he's a charming man I hear, I long to see him.

*Issac.* We will invite him here, in proper time.

*Wife.* I'm rejoiced at it, but then if by asking my sister, and Mr. Mowbray frequent the house, her reputation shou'd suffer, and her husband away. The world is censorious.

*Issac.* Did I not advance de money once to save her husband from bankruptcy, and should she not contribute to pay me for de risque.

*Wife.* But you took care to be trebly refunded out of his ruins.

*Issac.*

*Iffac.* I allow you de play purse, de equipage, do not interfere den in de means. Your obedience is de bond which holds us, don't break it, o——

*Wife.* You'll break my heart, I see. You did not use your first wife thus, when you came here from Lisbon, legerdemain was then your profession, false jewels and adulterated metals your stock.

*Iffac.* Hold your tongue, woman. Have I not now de government contract, don't ministers, ambassadors, and secretaries employ me to do deir stocks, and why shou'd not de Portuguese jew raise his manners with his fortune, as well as de English christian?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Mr. Mowbray, Sir.

*Iffac.* You have no business here, get in quickly I say, away.

*Wife.* How cruel, not to let me see a person, one hears so much about.

(as she is retiring, Mowbray enters.)

*Mow.* Mr. Issacher I rejoice to see you. — Madam, I must not drive you away, allow me to kiss your hand, this is your Lady I presume, Sir?

*Iffac.* Oh! the liquorish spark! — An old companion, Mr. Mowbray.

*Mow.* Fie, Sir; age and Mrs. Issacher, are as remote as winter, and the vernal face of spring. The bloom of youth and beauty play about her.

*Iffac.* De devil! and before my face too. — Come, Sir, we'll step to de compting-house, your accompts be ready dere.

*Mow.* Mine, Sir, is merely a visit of thanks, my house the appointment of it, are instances of his taste; he has an elegant idea of these things, madam: Shan't I have your approbation, you'll honour me by viewing them.

*Iffac.* An assignation, and she not refuce it. — Oh de Jezebel!

*Wife.* He is a delightful creature, sweetly. —

*Iffac.* Retire, I say, or I'll —

(as he speaks he pushes her gently out behind him.)

*Mow.* What, the Israelite jealous! — How can you rob us of the Lady, she's a fine woman, protest you're immensely happy.

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*Iffac.* So, so!—well, Sir, will you now look over de bills.

*Mow.* The Devil, why did he send her off now.—These are elegant cloaths you've got on Mr. Issacher, it is the ton now to dispel the gloomy look of business, by the gaiety of appearance. Your London round bottoms and long skirts are all exploded, for the French quie ard long waist.—Hang his bills, I must talk some nonsense to him. *(aside.)*

*Iffac.* But de bills, Sir; we are mortal, if you will sign them, I can shew you such a catalogue of picture.

*Mow.* Who can think of pictures after just beholding an original Medona.—We'll look them over some other day.—If I cou'd but hit the time when he is from home, there is no austerity in her eye. *(aside.)*

*Iffac.* I will attend your command, when you please den.

*Mow.* To-morrow, to-morrow week, to-morrow month, when you will.—I can think of nothing else, and must make my escape or I shall betray myself.—Some business which I cannot mention calls me away, I must take my leave, you'll excuse me now.—*[Exit.]*

*Iffac.* De carnivorous animal. I read him, but I'll circumvent him, and make de money of him into de bargain.

*Enter his Wife.*

*Wife.* Well sweety, how could you turn one out so? Mr. Mowbray soon left you I perceive.

*Iffac.* He's too polite to stay long in one place;—but I have some pretty baubles for you, be a good obedient girl, and you shall find me generous.

*Wife.* What am I to do now; you know sweety you are not often generous, without expecting a return.

*Iffac.* Come into de compting-house, and I'll give you your lesson, and shew you de jewels; de bribe be de main spring of de politician.

*Wife.* And I'll take it first, and afterwards determine whether I will obey you or not. *[Exit.]*

S C E N E Mrs. ORNEL'S.

*Enter Mrs. Ornel.*

*Mrs. Orn.* How irresistibly lovely is this girl, with a sweet solicitude she engages the heart, while content seems

seems to cover distresses which I doubt not she experiences, and her delicacy will not reveal. If Heaven has denied me children in this my old age, in her it has benignly recompenced the want of a daughter.

(*Henrietta runs in hastily and throws herself on a chair.*)

*Henri.* I was never so much alarm'd! Good Mrs. Orn, such an escape!

*Mrs. Orn.* How, from whom, child?

*Henri.* The same young gentleman whom we saw, when I attended you to the French ambassador's; I this minute encountered him coming out of the great Jew's in the next street.

*Mrs. Orn.* He behaved with politeness when we saw him.

*Henri.* But he now sprung from his chariot, familiarly seized my hand, and pour'd out such a rhapsody.—His appearance is fashionable, but his manner the most extravagant I ever met.

*Mrs. Orn.* How did you escape him?

*Henri.* A crowd fortunately separated us, and I out of breath, ran home as fast as my feet cou'd carry me.

*Mrs. Orn.* You don't know the town, the young men of spirit look upon it as their charter, to terrify every unprotected female they meet.—I am not surprised you sometimes don't escape.

*Henri.* If there is any thing singular in my appearance, do good Mrs. Orn, tell me, that I may correct it.

*Mrs. Orn.* No truely, Henrietta, but you are singularly lovely, your mind, your person adorn each other, and cannot fail to attract.

*Enter a Servant-maid.*

*Ser.* A gentleman enquires for a lodging, Madam.

*Henri.* Heaven send it be not this extraordinary man, who has pursued me. Let me get away.

*Ser.* No, madam, he's an elderly robustish country like gentleman, in a brown snuff colour coat.—Oh! here he is.

*Enter Egerton as from a journey. A servant following with a Portmanteau.*

*Eger.* Your servant, good woman. A courteous

looking ole body. You let lodgings, may hap, as the paper stuck on the door tells by-passers.

*Mrs. Orn.* In compliance with fashion, we who let lodgings put up such, Sir.

*Eger.* Hang fashion, I have three thousand pounds a year, and don't owe sixpence, that's what most of your people of fashion can't say; but what rooms ha' you gotten, one or two will answer me, with a place for Roger to sleep in.

*Mrs. Orn.* Tho' I don't usually let my house to persons I don't know, however, your appearance, Sir, seems unexceptionable.

*Eger.* Few women wou'd find fault with it, I believe, tho' I'm turned of sixty.

*Henri* I've a strange curiosity, I'll stay a little. [*aside*.]

*Eger.* But I like your caution, suspicion is the child of prudence, there is a deal of deceit abroad; but as we've settled, what am I to call you now?

*Mrs. Orn.* Ornel, Sir.

*Eger.* Ornel, Ornel, it seems to be of French extraction, but you may be a good sort of woman for all that.

*Mrs. Orn.* My deceased husband was a clergyman from that country.

*Eger.* And your own industry is your jointure, to the reproach of us here; it is too often the only provision many of our poor clergy have to bequeath their families.—Here, Roger, off with my boots, (*Henrietta and Mrs. Ornel speak aside, while his boots are pulling off.*)

so, so, clap up the portmanteau, and see the nags made up.

*Roger.* Yes, an't please ye, measter, the poor beasts are well jaded. (*Exit.*)

*Eger.* — Well, landlady, this is your daughter, I suppose, a good complexioned wench, and not proud, I hope.—How she crimsons.—It's a sign of modesty, girl, and I like you the better for it.

*Henri.* What a character!

*Eger.* Gads life! I begin to think myself at home, you bear a great resemblance to old Gertrude my house-keeper; she is a good body and never contradicts

dicts me: I find you are more courteous here than I expected.

*Mrs. Orn.* We Londoners are not so uncivil as we are sometimes represented.

*Egert.* May be so, may be so; there is little else but falsehood abroad now a-days, prejudice and party lead half the nation astray, woman; but I perceive you have sense; so I'll e'en tell ye my business to town, where it's so long since I've been before, that I shou'd scarce know it again. You may give one a lift in return.

*Mrs. Orn.* It is much changed, and much improved they tell you.

*Egert.* They know best who inhabit it. But as I was going to say, I've an excellent kennel of fox-hounds, but meeting an accident leaping a staked hedge, I can't ride in as I was won't, and having no issue natural or unnatural, (you understand me) I'm minded to marry, and have an heir to enjoy my hounds and inherit my estate.—

*Henr.* I can scarce refrain from laughing now.

(aside.)

*Mrs. Orn.* And you are come to London (I presume) to prepare settlements, buy fine cloaths, and bespeak a brilliant equipage.

*Henr.* Well said, old lady.

(apart.)

*Egert.* Fury woman, I have not made choice yet; that's partly my business, our country wenches seek after young fellows and laced jackets, if I drew about there, the game wou'd unkennel at my fortune, so I'm e'en determined to take one that knows nothing about me; I've wrote to my lawyer here to have a sharp look out, if that don't take, why I'll clap a scrap of advertisement into the papers, and then I will have plenty to choose out of.

*Mrs. Orn.* Lord Sir, how can you descend to such a traffic; it is generally founded on imposition, fraud is the basis of such infamous bargains.

*Egert.* I'm not over nice to hit in these particulars; all I stick for is a little blood, a sound constitution, and a likelihood of breeding well.—Why that girl there is the thing to a tittle.

*Henr.* What a rude man!

[going, Egerton holds her hand.]

*Egert.* No offence young woman ; I'm in earnest, ay, Faith, and to convince you so, I'll send for my lawyer, and if you're a gentlewoman, and things answer appearances, we'll strike up a bargain, and whoop ! rattle down to the country in twenty four hours.—

*Henr.* You have no right to hold me, Sir, nor am I to hear your rudeness. [Exit.]

*Egert.* Hei Dei !—She's a mettled thing, let it pass, I like her ne'er a whit the worse for it.

*Mrs. Orn.* She is superior to such language, whatever idea you may entertain of her, Sir.—Raillery, when it infringes on delicacy, changes its name and wounds a chaste ear.—

*Egert.* Why, I am in downright earnest, if you don't dislodge me with your delicacy and stuff. I am an Englishman, and stand up for the freedom of speech, as well as the liberty of the press.—This girl is poor I'll warrant, her pride shews that, I never felt so much on a sudden.—I mean no harm, you'll find I don't.—If you'll provide me a snack, and give me your company, I'll convince you so.—

*Mrs. Orn.* On these terms, if you'll step to the parlour, I'll endeavour to accommodate you. (Exeunt.)

Enter Young Egerton.

*Y. Egert.* Poor Henrietta ! She little knows what has happened.—But here she is.

Enter Henrietta.

*Henr.* Brother, you are welcome ; I long'd to see you.

*Y. Egert.* Something extraordinary has occur'd, you'll excuse me.

*Henr.* Not more unwelcome news I hope ; if it be, I'll bear the weightier part ; these hands can work and contribute to supply our wants, while humble content cheers the hours, 'till better days arrive !

*Y. Egert.* Best of creatures ! Let me spare you, and not involve you in my wretchedness !

*Henr.* Orphans of adversity, we have together felt the stings of bitter fortune, I have not now less fortitude !

*Y. Egert.*

## A C O M E D Y.

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*Y. Egert.* Yes, your soul formed of sympathy and tenderness, has too a share of virtuous resignation, that oft has prop'd my tottering fortitude.

*Henr.* Had I powers to express my boundless feelings for the best of brothers, words wou'd be endless. A father lost before my birth, a mother too, whose eyes yet never blessed me.—Yet all, all these have lost their poignancy, in your tenderness and care!

*Y. Egert.* Poor as it is proportioned to my wishes; the little modicum by which I fondly hoped to place you at least secure from want, is gone this morning.

*Henr.* Place it to my ill fortune, a wretch who has pulled this on you.

*Y. Egert.* No, Henrietta, say not so; I think not of myself. The idle distinctions of life are involved in necessity, and they, who then proudly hold them, deserve to feel it's sting! but when I view your tender sex, the ghastly jaws of penury wide expanded to receive you: I wou'd fly from the thought.

*Henr.* Think not of it, I am content, were you so?

*Y. Egert.* The power of wealth unlimited, nor the tender offices of consolation, can never, I fear, produce this effect—The source is gall, and the stream must be tinctured with it.

*Henr.* Good heavens! what is this?

*Y. Egert.* Miss Audley is destined to be another; the pleasing hope which amused my fond heart is vanished, and cruel certainty has taken it's place.

*Henr.* What do I hear!

*Y. Egert.* Fortune set her far above my sphere, I felt her influence, tho' too sensible of the distance between us; but it is now unlimited.—In your happiness alone my wishes shall now center. Oh, Henrietta! when I view you, reflection revolts against philosophy, passion hurries me away, and I am almost tempted to curse our hard fortune!

[Young Egerton holding her hand, Egerton enters and abruptly severs them.

*Egert.* Ware Hawk! Young spark, no poaching here, this is not game for you.

*Henr.* Mercy, this rude man!—Brother! he is a lodger of Mrs. Ornel's, don't mind him!

*Y. Egert.*

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Y. Egert. Your years restrain me ; tho' your rudeness deserves chastisement.

Egert. So, so ! a bully, a red coat fellow, that wou'd cut my throat now, tho' I pay for maintaining him ! — Do you know who I am friend ?

Y. Egert. Away, savage, or I'll ! —

Mrs. Ornel runs in.

Mr. Orn. Mr. Egerton, Mr. Egerton, is this your promise ?

Egert. Fury woman ! don't you see this fellow here ?

Henr. Mrs. Ornel, your arm ; a sudden weakness overcomes me, I must retire a minute !

Mrs. Orn. Mercy ! how she trembles !

[*Exeunt Henrietta and Mrs. Ornel.*

Y. Egert. It is our uncle ! and this discovery overpowers he. Nature ! nature ! why do you tyrannize over the softest hearts, and thus leave the obdurate free ?

Egert. Now the fellow is deliberating, whether he will cut my throat or not.

Y. Egert. I am sorry, Sir, your abruptness drew some harsh words from me ; young men are hasty, riper years will indulgently make allowances !

Egert. O ho ! you're off your mettle, I see.—So captain huff, be so good as to shift your quarters, now !

Y. Egert. Not for a moment, Sir, if you'll please to indulge me !

Egert. Who are you ? What are you ? These are my rooms, and I pay for them.

Y. Egert. The child of adversity, who possesses now no more than a useless sword.—A sister claims some allowance.

Egert. A sister ! — An excellent travelling name for a mistress. I always suspect a girl I find alone with a red coat —

Y. Egert. You are wrong, indeed, Sir !

Egert. Why may be so, may be so.—Who is she then ? a soldier should be frank.

Y. Egert. A sister, Sir, an only orphan sister, descended from an equal family with your own, with every merit to deserve better fortune, she is cruelly thrown off by an uncle, who enjoys an ample inheritance,

tance, which should by right, have descended to her father.

Egert. A brute! a monster! He is worse than the old savages of Scythia.—This story and this girl wonderfully affect me, I am all zig, zag, tho' I han't much softness in my nature, and yet I wou'd assist her, I have no children, boy! —— But your name? I may know the family.

Y. Egert. After what I have told you, you'll excuse me, you are a stranger to me, Sir.

Egert. You are cautious; 'tis a good sign in a young man. I'll enquire more about you, and meet me here again in a couple of hours. [Exit.

Y. Egert. He seems affected; but I must run to my sister, least the effusions of nature discover a secret, which it is yet prudence to conceal! [Exit.

SCE N E changes to the same Apartment at Miss Audley's, the Door in the back Scene shut, Sir Terence attempting to go in, Jenny preventing him.

Sir Ter. Get you gone you intermeddling baggage; not see my niece, my own flesh and blood when I have a mind to it. Who dare go between me and a relation?

Jen. Lord, Sir! you terrify a body, so you do: only hear me!

Sir Ter. Ay, ay, an excuse, and a lie to the fag end of it.

Jen. You know her temper.—Indeed it was her own particular orders, not to be disturbed.

Sir Ter. O! if it be a humour she has, why the best way to take a woman off it, is to give into it a little; so tell her the bargain is off, and if the man shou'd even wheel about, he'll find me as tough, and hard to bend, as a sprig of old Shilela.

Jen. Yes, Sir, I know you are.

Sir Ter. And that tho' one thing be lost, another is found, good six thousand pounds in the clutches of a knavish Jew here.—I am just gaing to take advice about it, and will be back immediately.—And d' fee, tell her too, that a girl locking herself alone, looks like a love fit; and only she has some of my blood in her veins, why, I would put a bad construction upon it!

[Exit.

Jen.

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Jen. Madam ! Madam ! *(taps at the door.)*

Miss Aud. *(within)* Who is that, that presumes to disturb me ?

Jen. 'Tis I, Jenny, Madam ; there is not a mortal Christian but myself.—

*Miss Audley comes out.*

Miss Aud. Well, Jenny, what is this ?

Jen. Only Sir Terence, Madam. The bargain is off, and he is gone about good six thousand pounds, to add to your fortune for the man of your heart.

Miss Aud. No, Jenny, I have regulated it ; it shall expand to friendship, but close against love.—The greatest queen that ever swayed our sceptre, refused contending monarchs of the time, and lived unmarried.

Jen. O lord ! O lord !—She had a very hard heart, indeed !

Miss Aud. That was the age ! a model for the present ; where the essence of that noble passion is degenerated. No, no, I'll continue as I am !—

Jen. Well now, if I believe there is another lady in the kingdom of your opinion !—Poor captain Egerton !

Miss Aud. Presume not to name him ; slander has taken wing, and this has confirmed my resolution !

Jen. What resolution, Madam !

Miss Aud. Never to see him more, to arm my heart with fortitude, and enjoy the world as I am.

Jen. What a melancholy business !—Had you seen the poor gentleman when you left him, he hung his head, and looked so dejected, I cou'dn't for the soul of me help pitying him.

Miss Aud. No more, it is not sufficient that the mind is innocent, but appearances must be avoided.

Jen. He loves you, Madam, I'll be sworn ; and love you know expects a return ; and then your fine estate too, it wou'd be pity the name was extinct !

Miss Aud. Better than to see a race of pygmies, to dissipate a noble inheritance, and disgrace the name of Britons !

Jen. He's of an antient family. You used to speak well of him.

Miss Aud. As a friend, I wou'd esteem him ; but as a lover

a lover he assumes another character, which must not be encouraged.

Jen. But he used to look at you. Lord! how he would look, and speak. Tho' I am no scholar, I cou'd listen to him the live-long-day.

*Enter a Servant.*

Serv. Mrs. Negligée is below, Madam, she is sent by Lady Bellvile, your neighbour in the country.

Miss Aud. She forced a promise from me to go to a masquerade to night, she teises to drag me into the world as she terms it.—Shew up the woman.

Jen. By my deed, Madam, she is right, you shou'd be seen, or no body will know you.

*Enter Negligeé.*

Negli. To oblige Lady Belvile; even at so short a warning, I am prevailed on to receive your commands, tho' I've above a hundred dresses on hands.—What character will you support, Madam?

Miss Aud. I profess this is totally unintelligible to me. I imagined the exterior appearance was all that is necessary, if it goes farther, I shall not attempt it.

Negli. That depends on yourself, Madam, I only form the outside, and in a couple of hours can make a Dutchess, a Cinder-wench, or a woman of the town a Diana. The dress I speak of, Madam.

Miss Aud. Let mine be on the principle of these worn in the days of Queen Elizabeth.

Negli. Lord! I never heard of such a person among all the ladies I work for. Some foreigner, or Turkish Sultana; but I'll enquire at the play house. You've a delicate shape, any thing will fit easly on your Ladyship.

Miss Aud. Mercy! Never to hear of Queen Elizabeth; it were well her picture was hung up in every dressing-room in the kingdom, to awe our modern ladies into a sense of their duty. Come, and I'll endeavour to give you an idea of it.

(*Exeunt.*)

S C E N E. Leslie's lodgings.

Leslie and young Egerton.

Lef. For shame man! you have no occasion to be so much dejected. Mowbray has told me what passed between him and the Irish knight.

Y. Eger.

*Y. Eger.* It is a string which raises discords, I beseech you do not touch it.

*Lef.* But discords often lead to harmony, man.

*Y. Eger.* Here they can never accord. Change the subject then.

*Lef.* Not 'till I set you right, if you will allow me.

*Y. Eger.* Good bye then. I cou'd face a dagger, but not a repetition of this. *(going.)*

*Lef.* There is no dagger in the matter, but a healing balm, that will steal to your heart. Mowbray and the knight have disagreed, so you're in no danger from that quarter.

*Y. Eger.* You are deceived. I saw Miss Audley, and from her own lips heard her resolution.

*Lef.* I tell you, man, had she the beauty of Venus, the gracefulness of Hebe, and the elegance of a Montague, it wou'd not hold him in his present mind. He ranges at large, an enclosed pasture (tho' ever so luxuriant) wou'd destroy him. He is positively off.

*Y. Eger.* What do I hear? and hope with her warmest rays, again dart upon me.

*Enter Mowbray.*

*Mow.* Flames, darts and arrows! Oh! for cupid's wings, to waft me to the dear little fugitive. My happy stars once more threw the angel I saw yesterday in my way; but my evil ones prevailed, and snatched her from me, Leslie!

*Lef.* Was she warm as June, or cold as December, chaste as Lucretiæ, or kind as Sapho. You were in a perfect rhapsody about her just now.

*Mow.* She's a lovely female, but whether of the chaste or yielding sort, may I die if I can yet tell.—I did not perceive this gentleman.

*Lef.* The friend I mentioned to you this morning, use no reserve, he is worthy your acquaintance.

*Mow.* And I chearfully accept it. I had rather add one worthy man to the number, than hundreds to my rent-roll.

*Y. Eger.* To know a person capable of that sentiment, is indeed, an acquisition, and I am happy, Sir, to embrace it.

*Lef.* But, where did you light on this paragon?

*Mow.*

*Mow.* In the street, driving from Issacher the Jew's, my carriage had a stop, when she fortunately passed, and from her darted such a little flight of arrows, that she certainly carries cupid's whole artillery about her.

*Lef.* Some neat trim milliner. The women here appear goddesses after the made up faces of the continent.

*Mow.* Not at all. For on these occasions I have the eye of a hawk, and like him darted on the quarry; but the plaguey crowd whisked away the prey. My servants have the wings of mercury, and are flown for intelligence, I directed them here being nearer at hand.

*Y. Eger.* Suppose your passion shou'd not out-live the pursuit, amidst the variety this large town presents!

*Mow.* Why true, possible enough; but I must be satisfied before I quit the chace.

*Lef.* Or suppose she turns out an unfashionable wife, of some unfashionable husband, who may be tenacious of her honour, and does not choose to part it.

*Mow.* Beauty is still beauty, and will attract me, without considering any circumstances. Why the plague shou'd one be the less kind than another? they are all here equally near the sun, nurtured in the same climate, and (methinks) shou'd possess the same passions.

*Lef.* Well, well, a repulce or two, or an action at law for *crim. con.* will probably shew you, that these sentiments are not suited for this meridian.

*Mow.* A repulce, indeed, is something, and requires only a more vigorous attack; but as to law, it is wonderfully softened by a golden emollient; apply it liberally and with judgment, and like a moth it will eat thro' a whole folio of our statutes!

*Lef.* I wou'd not wish to restrain your pleasure; I only hope to see it so directed, as not to carry a fatal injury with it, and if you will but consider a little.

*Mow.* You yet don't know me, Leslie; impressions on me exhaust themselves by their own violence, as quickest fires soonest burn down, and shou'd I allow reflection to intrude, it wou'd be a perpetual bar to my happiness; it may yet come on the cool revolving tide of time; at present (on my soul!) I ha' not leisure to think

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about the matter.—Any discovery, be quick and tell me?

*Enter Strap.*

*Strap.* When I had broke thro' the crowd, I spied her running like a frightened hare, so pricking my ears, I pursued her on the foot of expectation, and fairly run her into a house; but whether of good or bad fame; upon my word, Sir, I cannot well tell.—

*Mow.* You marked it tho'.

*Strap.* Yes, Sir, and proceeded with circumspection; it is bad to alarm an enemy where you intend to beat up their quarters, and so, stepping into a house over the way, the landlady a fat, jolly, loquacious body, told me all.

*Mow.* Excellent! who she is, her situation?

*Strap.* The sweetest, mildest creature in the varsal world, says she, Mrs. Ornel loves her as tho' she were her own child. It is a lodging house, Sir, so there's little need of ceremony.

*Mow.* The game is up, and off I go!—Follow me!

[*Exeunt.*]

*Y. Eger.* Confusion! it is my sister!—I'll stop him!

[*going.*]

*Lef.* No, no, let me after him; two fires meeting, would only light a flame to set scandal a going.—[*Exit.*]

*Y. Eger.* I'll trust then to Leslie's prudence—S'death! it is a duty, that I will allow no man to perform; yet hold, he has not stood between me and Miss Audley: Leslie will prevent him, and I will if I can, avoid any dispute with him. [Leslie returns]

*Lef.* Like an arrow he shot away waving his hand, nor cou'd I overtake him.

*Y. Eger.* Then I will.

[*going.*]

*Lef.* Hold for a moment, I beseech you; let me deal with him, and I'll be responsible for the consequence.

*Y. Eger.* Be quick then; what may she not suffer from this extraordinary man?

*Lef.* That I will; for were she not even your sister, I am not a Leslie, when I wou'd not spread my arm over her head, and shield beauty and innocence from insult.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

## A C T III.

**S C E N E** *Miss Audley's.* *Miss Audley, Jenny running in.*

*Jen.* **G**OODNESS, gracious Madam! Who do you think I just saw?

*Miss Aud.* Something extraordinary, if I may judge by your manner.

*Jen.* Miss Egerton, as I live, Madam!

*Miss Aud.* Is it possible, Jenny!

*Jen.* Sure I know her as well as any thing, since she used to visit you in the country, and she's as like the Captain, as one of my hand's is to th' other.

*Miss Aud.* I am rejoiced; I regard her much, I hope you told her I wished to see her.

*Jen.* No, Madam, I did not take on that I knew her; her situation (I believe) is not of the best, and I therefore, fancy, she wishes to decline keeping up any acquaintance.

*Miss Aud.* Fortune is blind, when Miss Egerton is neglected, you know where she is to be found? —

*Jen.* Yes, Madam; I discovered it by perfect accident, at one Mrs. Ornel's just near us. What a mortal pity now, that so fine a creature, shou'd feel distress?

*Miss Aud.* She once told me, she was dependant on her brother, and his tenderness to her (I own) prejudiced me not a little in his favour, nor cou'd I confer any service on her, so watchful was her pride, if I may so call it so. —

*Jen.* 'Tis little he can now afford her. He sold his commission, to purchase again in some out-landish-place, and the house where he lodged the money, failed this morning; yet she looked not depressed.

*Miss Aud.* What a soul does she possess? To mount the rapid wing of ascending fortune, yet look beneath us, is truely noble; but who can stand its fall? 'tis this that spreads a lustre superior to what the splendor of riches can bestow! — I'll fly to her, she shall share my

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fortune and my heart---yet, I may offend! There is a sensibility in minds like her's, that is easily wounded.

Jen. She's in a brown study now. ————— [aside.]

Miss Aud. I have hit on a method,——here Jenny, let this never escape you, (*seals up and directs a note*) run give it to the woman of the house for Miss Egerton, and come away directly.

Jen. I'll run every step, never fear, Madam. Oh! the good creature! [Exeunt.]

Miss Aud. I may now see her, without distressing her to receive me. ————— How happy is my resolution; with a heart, alas! too susceptible; the world has extorted this sacrifice. Miss Egerton will direct my hand, in raising the expiring hopes of the wretched; for who are truly judges of distress, but those who have experienced it!—What, in the flower of life, to seek the dreary mansions of despair, to wed the miseries of the wretched, while pleasure attended by her splendid train beckons me away, and courts me to enjoy her.

*Enter a Servant.*

Serv. Lady Belville called, madam, I told her you were not at home. —————

Miss Aud. Not at home, man!

Serv. Yes, madam; 'tis the fashionable method here, of sending people about their business. —————

Miss Aud. Follow her immediately.—What a shameless prostitution of truth on such trifling occasions? How can we expect it from our servants, when they thus transgress it by our own direction? ————— [Exit.]

S C E N E Mrs. Ornel's. Henrietta and Mrs. Ornel.

Mrs. Orn. It was fortunate you were not within.

Henri. It must be the same, who attacked me in the street.

Mrs. Orn. Yes, yes, in an instant he flew thro' every apartment in the house; begged to be inform'd about you; offered money; in short, nothing that the warmest imagination cou'd suggest escaped him.

*Enter a Servant.*

Serv. A person at the door enquires for you, madam.

Mrs. Orn. Excuse me for a moment.

[Exit.  
Henri.]

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*Henri.* The perseverance of this man alarms me. Have not libertines the world at large to range, and not thus beset the lonely recesses of the unfortunate? While my apprehensions press forward, shou'd I on the other hand inform my brother, tenacious to a fault of any thing that may distress me, the worst consequences might ensue! (*Mrs. Ornел returns with a letter.*)

*Mrs. Orn.* Bless me! what can this mean? a woman enquired for me, slipt this into my hand, and instantly disappeared;—it is addressed to Miss Egerton;—there is some mistake. —

*Henri.* To Miss Egerton!

*Mrs. Orn.* I know not who she is.

*Henri.* In me behold her, then;—I will not longer conceal my real name; to you it wou'd be now treason against friendship, against gratitude.

*Mrs. Orn.* Endeared to me, whatever your name be, I must equally regard you.

*Henri.* It is the peculiar advantage of the unfortunate to know their friends; had I been less so, I had not perhaps known you.—What shall I do with this letter? It surprises me, as I hoped I was unknown here. —

*Mrs. Orn.* Perhaps something pleasing. Every chance shou'd be laid hold of,—if you disapprove of the contents, you can return it. —

*Henri.* Mercy on me! what is here?—Two notes for a hundred each, and in a blank cover! —

*Enter young Egerton.*

*Y. Eger.* You were not alarmed, I hope, by this extraordinary visit of Mr. Mowbray's; Leslie and I were coming to your relief, when we met him returning; the street was an improper place; but I will meet him. —

*Henri.* Yes, he was here, and I fortunately escaped him, by being abroad.—*Mrs. Ornel,* had him all to herself; and I believe his manner alarmed her a little. I am too much obliged to her to use any farther restraint, she knows who I am.

*Y. Eger.* You only anticipated my intentions; *Mrs. Ornel* is very good, indeed.

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*Henri.* But look here, brother!—more wonders!

[gives the letter.]

*Y. Eger.* Amazement! — Bills for three hundred;  
Where did you get them?

*Henri.* That I cannot inform you!

*Mrs. Orn.* They were left here in that cover just  
now; we can't even conjecture from whence they  
came.

*Y. Eger.* And Mowbray just here,—yes, yes, they  
were sent by him, 'tis plain.

*Mrs. Orn.* As I live you have hit it; for as he went  
he said we shou'd soon hear from him to effect.—

*Henri.* Take his odious notes,—vile libertine!

*Y. Eger.* What an audacious attempt, thus to saddle  
an obligation; but they shall be directly returned;  
every moment it is delayed, adds to the insult, and if  
he presumes to persist, he shall find you have a brother,  
to chastise him ————— [going]

*Henri.* Let me beseech you, stay! a dispute with  
him, can do me no service. The notes, indeed, must  
be returned, and I am sure (if you wait a cooler mo-  
ment) you will be better able to do it in such a man-  
ner, as will be most likely to prevent any future at-  
tempts from him.

*Mrs. Orn.* You shou'd avoid involving her name in  
a quarrel.

*Y. Eger.* I yield to reason. The breath of slander is  
too ready to blast the fairest flowers of innocence;  
but he shall not escape me — This surprize prevented  
my telling you a piece of good news. Admiral Swivel,  
is arrived from Cronflat.

*Henri.* My mother's brother, thank Heaven!

*Y. Eger.* Here is his billet. —————

[reads]

“ Dear Boy,

“ I've been in chace o' ye, since on shore, and cou'd  
“ not run along side ye: but got intelligence o' ye at  
“ the agent's, where I find you are laid up as unfit  
“ for service. I dispatch this by one of the light  
“ frigates belonging to the hotel in St. James's-street,  
“ where my birth is; crowd all the sail you can, and  
“ be

" be sure of a warm reception from your affectionate  
" uncle and friend,

" JONATHAN SWIVEL.

" How is little niece? I long to hail her, faith." —

*Henri.* Good man! we have wanted him, indeed!

*Y. Eger.* Rough as his element, he yet possesses a susceptible heart; at sea since a boy, he knows little else; but there are few braver, or more experienced officers. — What, brother soldier, so soon returned!

*Enter Mc. Pherson.*

*Mc. Pher.* You're Captain Leslie's friend; gi'n I were long about your errand, cou'd na love him.

*Y. Eger.* You saw the admiral?

*Mc. Pher.* That I did; gi'n he had n'a some o' oo'r country blood in him, he cou'd n'a be sa muckle fond of his aw'n; — I can tell y'e, he is as impatient to see you, aw, as a Patriot to get a place.

*Y. Eger.* Then I'll attend him.

*Mc. Pher.* Haud a bit, for you wull na meet him noo, as he is sent for to the admiralty; but he'l gang here himsel in an hour or twa. Ah! Mr. Egerton! it's a sad thing to let such braw fellows be ganging into their Russian service, when we may ha need of them oorsels again! —

[*Egerton is heard within.*]

*Mrs. Orn.* As I live here is Mr. Egerton!

*Y. Eger.* It is prudent for you to endeavour to gain upon him. — I'll seek this Mowbray, and return the notes; do not be alarmed, nor fear my prudence. — Mc. Pherson you'll come with me!

*Mc. Pher.* That I wull, for I'd follow a braw man, an' a friend to the Leslie's, gin it were to the farthest corner of the earth!

[*Exeunt Y. Egerton and Mc. Pherso.*]

*Enter Egerton.*

*Eger.* So! you've had a bit of dust kicked up here a bit agon; Fore George! had I come acrois the puppy, I'd ha trimmed his jacket for 'em. — Well, young woman, I don't much wonder the young fellows will be after you; for I'm grown an old fool, I see, myself. I am.

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I am strangely interested about you. This brother of yours seems to be a good sort of lad too!

*Henri.* It is my duty to thank you, Sir, for your good opinion of us.

*Eger.* To thank me!—I tell you I can't help it!—You shan't want friends; I say you shan't,—or—or—odds life! You shan't want any thing in my power to give.

*Henri.* You over-power me, Sir; I am not used to the kind hand of friendship. ——— He seems affected and it has reached me too. [aside.]

*Eger.* Take her away, Mrs. Ornel. I shall grow extravagant. I can talk to you with some temper.

*Henri.* I will obey you, Sir!—Thank Heaven! or nature wou'd have burst her prison. [aside] [Exit.]

*Eger.* Call her back!—I han't done with her yet!—I am oddly discomposed! — Come nearer, woman. Is she not poor, very poor?

Mrs. *Ornel.* Sir. —

*Eger.* Come, come, speak freely; I have reasons.

Mrs. *Orn.* I never enquire into the private affairs of other people.

*Eger.* I know you Londoners are not inquisitive; but I tell you I have reasons.

Mrs. *Orn.* I confess then, I believe her situation is not equal to her merit; but her frugality and prudence, make ample amends for any deficiency in fortune.

*Eger.* Yes, yes, she has been well educated then; some careful prudent mother, who thought the use of her hands wou'd be no disgrace to her.—She has no friends to consult, no restraints in that way?

Mrs. *Orn.* Only an uncle, Sir.

*Eger.* I have heard of him. ——— He is a savage, a monster.

Mrs. *Orn.* She wou'd be still rejoiced to pay him every duty, did he but relent. ———

\* *Eger.* Relent! He's a man of iron, woman; the hole at Calcutta wou'd be scarce sufficient to warm his icy heart; wou'd he were in it, till he learned humanity. ——— I wou'd willingly do something for her. ———

I am

I am not in love, no, no, don't imagine it; but there is a sort of a something here that yearns to her.

Mrs. Orn. How nature will sometimes beam, even thro' the roughest minds! [aside] She is worthy of your care, believe she is, Sir.—

Eger. I think so, oddslife! I think so; but I like to do every thing legally, so I'll step to my lawyer's, and you'll then find I am in earnest! — [Exit.]

Mrs. Orn. If the lawyer is to ascertain his generosity, it will be circumscribed within very narrow limits, I fear! — [Henrietta returns.] Well, Miss Egerton, the coast is clear, and things begin to wear a pleasing aspect.

Henri. I was so affected, it was fortunate he gave me an opportunity of escaping;

Mrs. Orn. The countenance is a sad tell-tale to a feeling heart. He is gone to his lawyer's, and will (I suppose) soon return, and the admiral will be here too; so I'll step and adjust some family affairs, to have time to be with you, on these interesting trials.— [Exit.]

Henri. Worthy woman! Heaven send they may have a fortunate issue!— (sits down to work) Let what will come, this work will still produce the means of honest independence, for the expectation of better fortune, shou'd not make us forget what we have been.

[Mowbray enters behind.]

Mow. S'death! And alone too!—Propitious fortune, I thank thee!

Henri. Yet the pleasing hopes which dawn upon me, are still suppressed, when I reflect on my brother.— This Mowbray too! —

Mow. Ha! By Heaven! She names me.

Henri. Yet had fortune been propitious.—

Mow. Here it comes, and falls into your lap, as Jove into Danae's, in a golden shower.—

[throws his purse into her lap.]

Henri. Good Heaven! Protect me!—Who are you? What is your business? How came you here?—

Mow. In at the door my angel, Cupid was porter, and admitted me, unperceived by any of the family.

Henri. You are mistaken, Sir, you have no business here.—

Mow.

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*Mowb.* The world and all ; to gaze at you, to unfold my heart to you, to seize this charming opportunity of love.

*Hen.* Of love ! — This must be this vile Mowbray again. *(aside.)*

*Mowb.* Who can behold a Medona, coloured by the pencil of a Titian, and not wish to possess the lovely figure !

*Hen.* Begone, whoever you are.— You do not know me, or you wou'd not thus presume to insult me !

*Mowb.* Come, my cold, my charming girl ; you must not lie as a piece of useless furniture in this old monastery.— You are formed for extasy, for happiness ! not a creature near, every thing conspires ; and the little loves, with their downy wings, flutter around us ! *(inking hold of her.)*

*Hen.* Ye powers protect me ! — Insolent man ! — *Mrs. Orn.* Mrs. Orn ! for heaven's sake fly to me !

[*Henr. breaks from him, and runs towards the door.*]

*Mowb.* O ! all ye gods and goddesses, if she but flies to her bed-chamber now !

*Mrs. Orn.* runs in, and gets between him and Henrietta as he pursues her. Henrietta gets off.

*Mrs. Orn.* Hold, Sir ! — I did not expect you here again !

*Mowb.* Nor on my soul, Madam, 'did I expect to meet you ; I have the plea of necessity, so retire I beseech you, and give way to the stronger argument.

*Mrs. Orn.* For shame, Sir ! a man of fortune, of rank, thus to attack unprotected innocence.

*Mowb.* So, so, the old lady preaches morality to enhance the price.— (*takes up the purse which lies on the floor*) Here, here, woman ! I have got the fellow to it !

*Mrs. Orn.* Apply it then to virtuous purposes ; we do not want your money.

*Mowb.* Pshaw ! don't carry this affectation too far ; for I can hold out no longer, and must get in.

*Mrs. Orn.* You must not indeed, while I have a hand I will oppose you. *(attempts to go in.)*

*Mowb.*

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*Mowb.* Now she stands out for a settlement, I suppose.—S'death ! here take the money, and your terms shall be complied with; only be quick and name them !

*Mrs. Orn.* My terms, Sir !—Be advised and quit my house, or I will alarm the neighbourhood.—The law protects us here, and I will resort to it if you persist.

*Mowb.* So, you will encircle me with a mob ; s'death ! I had rather be encompassed by a swarm of bees !

*A Servant Maid runs in.*

*Ser.* Shall I run and call the neighbours, Madam ?

*Mow.* Hold, child !—There is something more penetrating in the shrill tongue of a woman, than the whole scale of discord can reach.

*Mrs. Orn.* Avoid it then, or you may experience something more disagreeable.

*Mow.* I shall never be able to carry the town by assault, with such powerful succours so near !—You are a perverse, silly old woman, and know not your own interest ; but you will yet know who I am.—

(*Exit.*)

*Mrs. Orn.* Run girl and shut the door, while I go to the terrified Miss Egerton, and see what is to be done to guard against the attempts of this libertine ! thank heaven he's gone !

{*Exeunt.*}

SCENE, *The same Apartment at Ifsacher's.*

*A Servant* *shewing in Sir Terence.*

*Sir Ter.* An elegant house this, raised of the materials of knavery ; the foundation is not sound, and I doubt if it will stand long.—D'see boy ! call your master, for I must dispatch my business off hand with him.

(*Servant goes out.*)

'Tis well for our poor country, that she does not produce milk and honey enough to invite these eastern locusts amongst us !

*Enter Ifsacher.*

*Ifac.* Your humble servant, Sir.—What command with me, may I ask ?

*Sir Ter.* The devil a plain word can he speak of the language of a country he has been so long plundering !—I only want a little sum of, in or about six thousand ; and so be speedy, d'see, and dispatch me !

*Ifac.*

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*Iffac.* Six thousand pounds.—Vat countrey be you of, pray, Sir?

Sir *Ter.* One wou'd imagine you might have guessed that; I am an Irishman. Of a country which never produced so contemptible a sprout as you.

*Iffac.* De moneyed people here, don't lend on de Irish estate now; de know de value of de land too well and so purchase it demselfes.

Sir *Ter.* Faith now, that is true enough!—We'll soon have scarce a foot in the hands of the Old Milesians; and shall be peopled with army contractors and India adventurers.

*Iffac.* But as to de money, I—I——

Sir *Ter.* Ay, ay! let me have it, and make no more words about it.

*Iffac.* It be quite out of my way. You had better apply to some of dese dat know you, and who negotiate dis sort of business.

Sir *Ter.* What, do you think I want to borrow from such a thing as you? only I know you to be a knave, why I'd suppose all you're possessed of, on your back.

*Iffac.* A knave! dat be actionable, and in my own house too.—

Sir *Ter.* I am not afraid of your actions; I speak truth, there is no act of parliament against that, I hope, and will make an extorting Jew, honest, if I can.—The late Mr. Audley had a brother, who died some time since, at Smyrna.

*Iffac.* De devil! too true!

(aside.)

Sir *Ter.* His fortune descended to this same Mr. Audley, his brother, and six thousand pounds was remitted to you by a Jew there, from his executors, and has remained uncalled for ever since; six thousand is no trifle, but you'll refund the more; now you understand me, I believe!

*Iffac.* How did he find dis out! (aside) Mr. Audley be dead, Sir!

Sir *Ter.* The more's the pity; but he has left a daughter behind him, as fine a creature,—it woud do your heart good to look at her, and this money won't add a grace less to her, I assure you.

*Iffac.*

*Iffac.* You mistake me for some oder person ; no thing of dis appears on my books.

*Sir Ter.* O ho ! are you there friend ; since it is so ; d'see me, I'll start a little limb of an attorney at you, who will take measure of your body with a yard or two of parchment, as nicely as any taylor in London ; and furnish you with a thorough suit, I'll warrant ye !

*Iffac.* Ven de money be prove in my hands, and a person intitled appear, it is time enough to talk about it.

*Sir Ter.* If I had you to'ther side of the Shannon, I'd give you proof, and sound proof too, without a grain of rotten sap in it. (*shakes his stick*) I have given you fair warning, I am an open enemy ! but if I once make an attack, either by law or with the sword, I neither give nor take quarter.

[Exit.]

*Iffac.* Wou'd he was in de hand of an enemy who wou'd give him none. He have de whole matter pat ; but I'll to my friend at Grey's Inn, dere be de turn in de law for both side of de question, and we who have money need never fear it's engines working for us.

[Exit.]

SCENE, *An Apartment at Mowbray's, his hat, cane, and sword on the Table. A Servant attending.*

*Mowb.* What, Mr. Egerton here !

*Serv.* Yes, Sire ; his business seemed urgent, he said he vould call again in a littel time, and vould expect to see you.

[Exit.]

*Mowb.* I recollect I saw him at Leslie's, no matter what his business is.—To be foiled, disappointed and baffled as I have been ; how pusillanimous to retreat, when I shou'd have stormed the garrison and carried the town ; disappointment sharpens the edge of expectation, desire is on the wing, I must, I will satisfy it, and here are powerful auxiliaries, five hundred pieces ; they would purchase all the women in an Italian principality.—

(going.)

*Enter Leslie.*

*Leslie.* Where, in such a hurry, may one enquire, Mr. Mowbray ?—

*Mowb.* In pursuit of what keeps me in perpetual

E

hurry,

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hurry, Leslie, a woman.—Tho' sometimes repulsed, it wou'd be want of spirit not to renew the attack.

*Leslie.* You cou'd not force the town, I know, and we were in full march to relieve it, when we heard you had raised the siege.—Come, come, you must not persist, nor desire to see this lady again.

*Mowb.* Not see her!—By every power of love and opportunity, but I will; unless you can shew me reasons stronger than my desires; and that will be no easy matter, let me tell you.

*Leslie.* She is a lady of family, however appearances may have deceived you; and a noble lad her brother will oppose you, and protect her.—

*Mowb.* I can provide for the family.—And as to the brother —

*Leslie.* You'll measure swords with him.—

*Mowb.* Not if I can avoid it, and carry my point too.—You must excuse me, Leslie, I will be glad to see you any other time. *(going.)*

*Leslie.* S'death! let me undeceive you. By all that's good! she is a lady of rank, and you are totally wrong!

*Mowb.* Pshaw! pshaw! This lady of rank, like the Sun, withdraws herself under a cloud, to break out upon us with greater lustre.—Ha, ha, ha!

*Leslie.* Superficial appearances, and false conjecture all.

*Mowb.* What can be stronger; I meet her unattended, find her in a common lodging house, and encounter an old Duëna;—if these are not suspicious circumstances.—

*Leslie.* Which do not amount to any certainty.—

*Mowb.* If people will not appear what they really are, they have no reason to be offended at our taking them as they appear.—But I must begone. *(going.)*

*Leslie.* Prithee! stop a moment!—You are used to affluence, and therefore cannot conceive a situation, where this correspondence of appearance cannot be compassed; this is unfortunately the case with her we speak of. I do not wonder her person has taken your notice, but did you know the soul which animates that lovely form, it wou'd revert upon you, and make you blush at the injustice you do her.

*Mowb.*

*Mowb.* Take care you are playing fair with me, Leslie ; for if I can judge from so warm colouring, the painter is not insensible of the original.

*Leslie.* A soldier many years, and hot foreign service, has pretty well exhausted the soft pap of youth ; and tho' our name might safely aspire to the highest of your nobility, a half-pay captaincy wou'd ill support it's dignity ; nor wou'd I infringe on my friendship with the worthy lad her brother ; no, not to be at the head of the best battalion his Majesty has.

*Mowb.* So, I must not pursue this girl then !—

*Leslie.* As an honourable lover you may, and who will oppose you ; but as a seducer of virtue, a lawless gratifier of a wanton passion, it is the duty of a friend to turn you to yourself, and tell you, you are wrong !

*Mowb.* S'death ! Why did you interpose, 'till I had made one effort more.—It is an intolerable suspense you have put me into here ; how the plague shall I get out of it ?

*Leslie.* As a man of sentiment wou'd, apologize for your mistake, and at once relieve her from the apprehensions you have occasioned !

*Mowb.* But if I shou'd relapse ?—There is no approaching so lovely a woman, and hold one's resolution.

*Leslie.* Then do not run the risque !—I will do it for you. Her brother too will admire so just a retribution ; it is of more consequence to stand in the good opinion of a worthy person, than to be followed by the transient acclamations of giddy thousands.

*Mowb.* Set me right with this lovely girl ; it is of more consequence to me, than the opinion of all the men in town !

*Leslie.* I'll about it directly ; for a man of nice principle suffers every instant, he lies under the suspicion of an unworthy action. [Exit.]

*Mowb.* Thus falls passion, before the power of reason ; with a small alloy of national prejudice, Leslie possesses many qualities, that do honour to human nature !—Yet can I give her up, because he has read me a lecture, and hinted at dangers from a brother ; the more danger, the more glory is to be acquired.—

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S'death ! I shou'd have gone myself, and then I cou'd have judged ; and so I will —

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* Captain Egerton, Sire.

*Mowb.* Booby ! blockhead !—What an intrusion !—

*Enter Young Egerton.*

Sir, your servant. This visit is unexpected !

*Y. Egert.* My busness, Sir, should not be unexpect-  
ed. You know the occasion of it.

*Mowb.* Not I, upon my soul. But let me beg you to take any other time, as I have got a piece of busness on my hands at present.

*Y. Egert.* That which has brought me, must give place to no other.—A lady has received an insult from you, I need not remind you of it, I hope ; as I wou'd willingly presume, it arose from your not knowing her.

*Mowb.* I know the lady perfectly, Sir ; every circumstance about her, I assure you ; and require no farther information !

*Y. Egert.* You avow it then ; and these notes too ?

*Mowb.* Notes !---I never wrote her a syllable, upon my word. I always transact these sort of matters in person ;—that is my method !—

*Y. Egert.* I wou'd if possible avoid a quarrel !—you used them, as supposing them more powerful advocates ; take them, Sir. You cannot fail of objects for a more worthy application ; and let not such a vile attempt, again disgrace your name !

*Mowb.* There is nothing but mistakes going, I think. As to the lady, I had near determined about her ; but these notes, you'll excuse my taking !

*Y. Egert.* I again tell you, Sir, I wish to avoid a quarrel ; but you must take your notes.

*Mowb.* That's more than you can oblige me to do, I promise you. This is my house!—put them up, Sir !

*Y. Egert.* Meer evasion ! it is the auxiliary of fashionable Panders, but it must not avail here !

*Mowb.* You are distract, I believe, young gentleman, or you cou'd not be so inconsistent.—But here, you are protected.

*Y. Egert.*

Y. Egert. S'death ! here or at the foot of a throne,  
he is a villain who insults my sister.—

[*attempts to draw his sword, enter Leslie, and holds his arm.*]

Lef. Hold your hand, rash boy !—It is fortunate Mc Pherson informed me you were come here.—What, going to run one another thro' the bodies, rather than condescend to an explanation ?

Mowb. It now admits of none ; in this house there cou'd be no danger.—Come, Sir, I'll attend you where you'll meet some, I fancy !

Y. Egert. Stand off, Leslie :—I attend you !

Lef. Both raging mad !—If you pass this door gentlemen, it shall be thro' me.

(*draws his sword, and stands at the door.*)

Both. Away Leslie !

Lef. Egerton, he did not know your sister, and when informed, like a man of honour, he acknowledged his error, and sent me with his apology !

Y. Egert. An apology ! — Then I am satisfied, and ask your pardon Mr. Mowbray for an expression, which you extorted from me. Had we understood one another sooner, all this had been avoided.

Mowb. A villain, is a harsh expression. We have been both wrong ; I will think no more about it !

Lef. So then I find Egerton you have had something to account for too. But it is all fortunately past.

Y. Egert. Now Mr. Mowbray you can have no objection to your notes. That is all that remains to be adjusted.

Mowb. Had it occurred to me, it is very probable I shou'd have used such influence, and had I done so, it wou'd have been more adequate to the object ; such a sum was too paltry for me.

Lef. What, two hundred pounds ! and you did not send them !

Mowb. Think you there is no other man in this great city, who wou'd fling such a sum after pleasure ; had I sent them I wou'd not disavow it ; I may plunge into error, but I am above untruth.

Lef. I'll be sworn you are. This is a mystery which time alone can unravel ; therefore, keep the notes

Egerton ; it will be time enough to part them, when  
the real owner is found. *(Exeunt.)*

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## A C T IV.

SCENE, *Mrs. Ornel's.**Admiral Swivel and Young Egerton.*

*Adm.* **F**ORE George, Will ! our girl is a fine frigate.—We'll give her metal enough ; she shall be a prize worth the taking of the first officer in the navy.

*Y. Egert.* She sensibly feels your goodness, Sir ; she has been unused to the tenderness of a parent.

*Adm.* Nature is my compass, and I steer by it ; I know little of your land courses, fighting and navigation have been all my study, and after thirty years service, I may think of laying up, and providing for you both ; tho' did old England again require my service, I'd go out once more, tho' I walked the quarter deck on crutches.

*Y. Egert.* Ease and retirement are the natural returns, for a life of danger and fatigue.

*Adm.* A fig for danger, when accompanied with the thunder of British cannon, and the glorious emulation of battle. After the late war, I cou'dn't lye by, so obtained leave to take a command in the Russian service, where we wanted but a few English ships to have forced the Dardanelles, and made the Grand Seignor, strike the colours of his seraglio. But he who has commanded British seamen, will scarce relish other service. So with the order of St. Catherine, and a cargo of furs, I've steered home again.

*Y. Egert.* With honour to yourself, and to the relief of your friends.

*Adm.* Tho' you've wanted friends, I've got money enough at your service ; it is the quickest passage to a regiment, take my word for it.

*Y. Egert.* I wou'd thank you ; it is too much !—  
Yours

Your hands thus open to promote my fortune, to raise expiring hope in the tenderest sensation of the heart!—

*Adm.* A soldier's shou'd be as hard as flint, boy, ready to strike fire on every call.

*Y. Egert.* A soldier's is formed of the same materials with the rest of mankind, and if nature throws in some proportion of sensibility, it is no impeachment of his character, I imagine, Sir.

*Adm.* So, so! you've got a shot between wind and water, I find, your sister hinted as much. Come, if it be so, all above board, I'm no woman hater. What prospect of success ha' ye?

*Y. Egert.* Whatever it might have been, my situation checked every hope; nor wou'd I owe my fortune, even to her I love.

*Adm.* There is more spirit than sense in that, boy. She's a galleon then?

*Y. Egert.* A large fortune is the smallest attraction she possesses.

*Adm.* In the eyes of a young lover, but not in those of the world.—But come, never decline an engagement, because the ship carries heavier metal; and if you will persist, you shan't engage with odds against you; tho' faith, I'd rather see you grapple with a regiment, than with any woman in England.—But where is this Egerton? I find he is stationed in this quarter; fore George, he shall strike, or I'll pour a broadside into him, that will send him sous to the bottom.

*Y. Egert.* Tho' we have thought it prudent not to discover ourselves; yet there is every prospect of awakening his humanity. My sister has caught his notice, finding her his niece will not, I hope, lessen it.

*Adm.* He knew he had a niece, a deserving girl, who stood in need of his assistance, yet he withheld that, which shou'd as naturally flow, as a river from its source. He stemmed the stream of nature! Think you such a man will tack about, with a transient breath of affection; no, no, it must be a tempest, which will shake his very foundation!

*X. Egert.*

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*Y. Egert.* We must not compel him ; he is still my father's brother.

*Adm.* There is his crime !—See boy, I am not much us'd to your refined distinctions ; I take the substance, not the superficial part of things, tho' I can feel as well as another. I always spoke my mind, even to the lords of the Admiralty, and will not be very smooth with a fellow who holds the fortune of my sister's children, if I can once run along side him.

*Enter Egerton.*

*Egert.* So young soldier, I see you are punctual !--- You've got company ?

*Y. Egert.* They'll fall to pieces. (*aside.*) I will attend you in a few minutes, Sir ?

*Adm.* This must be Egerton, I'll hail him.---D'hear a word with you !

*Y. Egert.* Unfortunate renounter ? (*aside.*)

*Adm.* Your name is Egerton, is it not ?

*Egert.* What then, it's no disgrace to bear it, I suppose.

*Adm.* No, but let me tell you, you are a disgrace to to it tho'.---Dost know this honest boy here ?

*Y. Egert.* Dear Sir, desist !

*Adm.* Sheer off nephew ! Leave me to deal with him !

*Egert.* What's the fellow about ?---Do'st know I'm a man of landed property ; ay, and might be a member of parliament too, if I cou'd but write against the ministry.---I am not to be insulted !

*Adm.* I wish you had ballast to trim you right, and your landed property wou'd not o'er-load ye.---Run up to him, nephew Egerton, if he don't strike, your sister shall have a signal, and he'll be then raked fore and aft.---Ha ! dost trace no features, no lineaments here of an injured brother !

*Egert.* Brother ! brother ! eh ! brother ! What is all this ?

*Adm.* Yes, a brother.---Here is his form, which, like a ghost, shall haunt you, and if one spark of conscience remains unsmothered in your bosom, will set it in a flame.---There he stands, and view him !

*Y. Egert.* Let me interfere, Sir !

*Adm.*

*Adm.* Fury ! ha done now !

*Egert.* What ! and the girl within here, is my niece too !

*Adm.* We are equal in command, I hope we shan't fall out about it.

*Enter Henrietta.*

*Hen.* Brother, a note from Miss Audley, she'll be here just now.—Mercy ! I thought there was no body with you but the Admiral.

*Egert.* Yes, there is another, who is now as sincere a friend.—Since I know ye, why I were a beast if I didn't love ye. (*embraces her*) Nephew, I've seen enough of you to discover qualities, which I have hitherto been a stranger to myself ; give me your hand, boy !—There is time enough, I hope, before us, to make amends for the past.

*Adm.* That's brave, and Admiral Swivel is your friend !

*Hen.* Happy reverse, unexpected change !

*Y. Egert.* Yes, Henrietta, the meridian of our days, now rises to its zenith, and I can almost say, I am happy.

*Adm.* Ay, if you had but this girl in tow ; but take my word, a woman is sometimes harder to steer than any ship in the navy.—The young dog has plunged into a sea of love, we must not let him sink.

*Egert.* No, no, we'll keep his chin above water ; he has friends now.

*Y. Egert.* I cannot express my feelings !

*Adm.* Come, come, no thanking ; the best way is to say nothing about the matter ; the mind does it better than all the language in the world. We'll to the next room, and be happier together, than if we had never disagreed.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, Mowbray's. *Mowbray and Strap.*

*Mowb.* Excellent !—No sooner one bird lost, than another springs !

*Strap.* I observed she took your notice at Rochester, and knew her directly when she plump'd full upon me, out of a perfumer's shop, just now.

*Mowb.* And you pursued her !

*Strap.*

*Strap.* To Mr. Issacher's, I housed her there. Her husband was a mercer, but turned a city politician; an haranger at common councils, and it broke him; not indeed, without some impeachment of his wife's frugality; and with all his cry for old England, he was obliged to take refuge from his creditors, in the arms of our old enemies the French.

*Mow.* What the devil brought her to Issacher's now?

*Strap.* She is sister to his wife, Sir.

*Mow.* If I may judge by a sample of the family, it will be no long siege; order my chariot directly.

*Strap.* Yes, Sir.

[Exit.]

*Mow.* The method now is to propose terms, and instantly sign seal and execute, and this woman's situation, promises little loss of time. Plague on this Egerton's old fashioned virtue! but the best method to get out of one attachment is to engage in another, and here an opportunity meets my wishes.

*Enter Leslie.*

*Lef.* Mr. Mowbray, I come in haste to thank you.

*Mow.* For what, Leslie?

*Lef.* For an obligation which is the greater, being unsolicited, and indeed, unexpected.—Your friend (to whom you mentioned me this morning) has informed me, that a vacant company in the heart of my own country has followed your application.

*Mow.* A company, Leslie, is no great matter for an officer, who has seen so much service;—but I must run away from you; you took one woman from me, and I must try to make sure of another myself!

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Mr. Issacher, Sire.

*Mow.* Apropos! S'death! Leslie, he has a wife, and a sister in law---

*Enter Issacher.*

*Mr. Issacher,* your servant.

*Issac.* I am de messenger from Mrs. Issacher, de ambassador from de lady, claim great privilege, and be not refuse.

*Mow.* Be your commission extended as the poles, it is not more enlarged than my wishes to oblige her. On

my

my foul, Mr. Issacher ! you are a happy man, and connected with a very handsome family.

*Issac.* You do dem honour---A vessel from de Levant, in which I am deeply concern, is unexpectedly come up de river, and some people of rank make a party at my house to night, we hope you will do de honours, as I must be absent.

*Mow.* With pleasure, Sir---The dear little machiavel !

[*aside.*]

*Issac.* You be very obliging---I owe him great obligations, Sir, and de respect for him, be diffuse thro' our whole synagogue. He cou'd command all the Jewish money in London.

*Lef.* It is at least a sign of his solvency.

*Issac.* Of his worth, of his generosity, which like true bullion make him universally current.

*Mow.* Fulsome fellow ! [*aside.*]---You are even figuratively sublime, Mr. Issacher.

*Lef.* And I'll warrant as generous too, and wou'd lend an old officer an hundred to rigg him out now. You owe something to our cloth since the late war.

*Issac.* You have de estate, de security. Your country be providend, dere be people in dis way will supply you to be sure.

*Lef.* We Scotchmen are not fools ; and as to security, (except personal) few of us bring our properties out of our own country, and can't give what we don't possess.

*Issac.* Den you have a small chance here---Mr. Mowbray, you will not forget ; I must run to Jonathan's, dese bickerings wid our neighbours, without coming to any thing, be de making of us knowing ones.

[*Exit.*]

*Lef.* And sometimes your destruction too ! What insolence these moneyed leeches assunne ; from an itinerant Jew, he arrived to be an army contractor in the late war. A dirty reptile, had you as small a stake, his friendship wou'd be proportioned. I tried him only to shew his character.

*Mow.* A necessary evil ; but his invitation is fortunate. There's a woman ! who not only evades the keen eye of a jealous Hebrew, but even makes him an instru-

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instrument of his own coronation. Between the wife and sister, there is two to one in my favour; and either is equal main and chance with me.

*Enter a Servant with a letter.*

A woman's scrawl, and the seal a thimble; let's see! let's see!

" You are cautioned against Issacher the Jew. He  
" has already plundered you sufficiently. He invites  
" you to his house, that you may meet a woman you  
" saw at Rochester, her husband is sent for to France,  
" a moment of opportunity will be given, the husband  
" is to surprise you, and a large sum will be extorted  
" for damages or composition; tho' the Jew will not  
" appear, he is to share the spoil. Destroy this letter  
" and avoid the snare, and the wish of her is answered  
" who subscribes herself;

" MARIA."

*Lef.* An infernal scheme!

*Mow.* Such a woman I saw, and was just going in pursuit of, when Issacher came.—My good Maria, I thank you, and will religiously pursue your advice.—What a situation, that young men of fortune are thus set up as marks for every villain to shoot at!

*Enter Sir Terence.*

*Sir Ter.* Mr. Mowbray, I beg your excuse, is you little Israelite here now?

*Mow.* He is just gone, Sir Terence.

*Sir Ter.* I was in quest of him, and heard he came here, so I made free to follow him; a rogue may be pursued any where you know.

*Lef.* What, Sir, have you got into his hands; I wish you a safe deliverance then.

*Sir Ter.* Yes, he thought to bamboozle me. He put me on proof, d' see, and here's his own acknowledgement, let him denie it if he dare.

*Lef.* A villain is seldom found out, but it tumbles upon him.

*Sir Ter.* I'll detect him, and pluck some of his borrowed plumage, or I am not Sir Terence O'Shaughnessy.—Do you know now, where a body cou'd find him?

*Mow.* Probably at Jonathan's, it's a sure place to find

find a rogue, but a bad one for detecting one, I fear. May I enquire what this business is?

Sir Ter. Only six thousand of my niece's, which he wou'd pocket sure enough, only for this little scrap of a voucher here; it will convict him before any jury in christendom, unless he can give negative proof to his own hand writing; but never fear me! I had four encounters, six duels, and ninety-four law suits great and small in my time, and never was foiled yet.

Mow. You mention Miss Audley. I hope she is well, Sir?

Sir Ter. Oh! she'll do well enough just now. This town will soon put another appearance upon her; Why, she is prevailed on to go to Mrs. Cornelius's masquerade. Her father wou'd as soon have let her gone to a carnival at Venice; and faith, Mr. Mowbray, between ourselves, both here, I don't myself much like a place, where people don't wear their own faces.

Mow. It is an epitome of the world, Sir Terence; in either, few are really the character they assume.

Sir Ter. Like this same fellow now; I'll warrant he passes for a mighty honest man here; and an old Milesian wou'd be indicted for bloodshed and battery, if he took the law in his own hands, and gave him a little gentle discipline.

Lef. You have it in your power, probably, to give him a more effectual punishment; I don't doubt but he well deserves it. To my knowlege he can calculate the eighth of a penny, and bring it to his own side of an accompt.

Sir Ter. Faith then, I have little pity for those who let him; and that will be every day trusting their money with upstarts, who pay them with a statute of bankruptcy, when they might find use enough for it themselves.—He has been playing some pranks on you, I suppose, Sir?

Lef. He flarts at higher game now; from the lowest species, he has arrived to be a villain of the first magnitude. Were I worth his aim, I should scarce fall into his

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hands. We have enough of our own to plunder us; without taking in foreign auxiliaries.

Sir Ter. Well expressed; tho' your country is not as antient as ours, you know the world much better;—but I must go and endeavour to get hold of this Hebrew, or like an eel he'll slip thro' my fingers; but never fear me, if I once lay my clutches upon him!

[Exit.

Lef. We have records and written evidences of our Scotch antiquity, for centuries before the Irish knew their letters; but he's old and partial.

Mow. What is your plaguey antiquity; the present is the age which exhibits a very different picture from your feudal times of barbarism; Scotland and Ireland, are the Crim Tartary and Siberia of Britain, man!

Lef. Hold your hand, Mr. Mowbray; tho' distant from the centre, we will still help to support the balance, and have I trust, in common with our fellow subjects, hearts well affected to our king, and glowing with the generous warmth of liberty.

Mow. Ha, ha, ha! I only touched the key, which always raises you Caledonians, just to see if even in a man used to the world, it cou'd be eradicated. Believe me, Leslie, nobody more detests national distinctions; they are the produce of knaves or fools, the instruments of interest or vanity! We are all children of the same empire, and that empire only a citizen of the world; but by Heaven Leslie! I did not conceive it contained so much villainy before.

Lef. I am heartily glad you at last have found it out: It may save you many future troubles.

Mow. Yes, the gliding stream of pleasure carried me smoothly on, nor did adverse winds fill the expanded sails, I perceived no false lights to turn my course to destruction, my unsuspecting eye reached no farther than the present; and caution I used not, being a stranger to deceit!

Lef. There is little fear of him who now thinks so justly. You possess a mind and fortune capable of dispensing universal good, and abilities to render service to your country: Pardon me, warm with gratitude, I wou'd tell you how these have been perverted

by

by imprudence, lavished on foreigners and extortioners, who are obsequious for their own advantage, and raise themselves on the ruin of their victim !

*Mowb.* Speak on, Leslie, and I will listen to you ; I do not (like Hannibal) wish to be drawn in profile ; loosing this girl, and discovering this abominable scheme, has taught me a lesson which a few hours ago I cou'd not have conceived, and has at once made me more serious than since I became my own master ; open and unsuspecting, I judged of mankind by myself, and villainy I looked upon as a bugbear hung out by angry philosophers, to frighten us from pleasure.

*Les.* How fortunate ! that the very snare laid for you, shou'd turn out the means of bringing you back to yourself !

*Mowb.* I will endeavour all I can ; but Leslie, I fear it were as easy (at once) to stem the torrent of the Ganges, as stop those passions which nature has given me, and habit has strength'ned ; the means in my power, a land of universal liberty, the luxuriance of the globe here expanded before us ! it is irresistible ! and some extenuation of the extravagancies we plunge into.

*Enter Strap.*

*Strap.* A discovery Sir !

*Mowb.* What, more villainy ?

*Strap.* Probably there is some mischief, as a woman's concerned ; — your honour received a letter just now ?

*Mowb.* A material one ; tho' I know not the writer ! —

*Strap.* That I have found out, it came from Mrs. Isfacher ?

*Mowb.* Then there is little chance there ; tho' I now admire her more than I did before.

*Strap.* Your chariot is ready, Sir ! if you wish to succeed with the sister, be quick ; for there is something on foot among them.

*Mowb.* Away pander ! and say not a word of this letter on your peril ! —

*Strap.* He's devilishly changed in a minute ; thus it

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is with us instruments of pleasure; but knowing what will come, we take care to be prepared! *(aside)* [Exit.

*Lef.* Come, don't be too serious, nor run from one extreme to another!

*Mowb.* I am oddly suspended; the villainy of this Jew, drawn with the deep colouring of fraud, with infamy close treading at his heels, is a picture which stands before me; while on the other side, the lovely Egerton, brighten'd by innocence, surrounded by the graces, steals to my heart;—but come, Leslie! I must divert reflection, or I know not where it may lead me!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, *Mrs. Ornel's.*

*Miss Audley, Henrietta, and Admiral Swivel.*

*Miss Aud.* Much as I dislike London, meeting my dear Miss Egerton will make it more than pleasing; let the busy world crowd the giddy circle, while we in friendship taste more exquisite happiness, than the motley variety of pleasures can afford!

*Adm.* Fore George, were I a young fellow, you'd make a capture of me;—Why 'tis a prodigy now-a-days, to hear a girl talk common sense.

*Hen.* I will not allow you to pay a compliment at the expence of the whole sex; and I am sure Miss Audley wou'd rather relinquish it, than suppose it to be fact.

*Adm.* Hush! you little baggage; I hope soon to have a right to say what I please to her, your brother is deserving of her, he is not one of your land Exotics.

*Hen.* There is little hopes of that I fear,— [*apart*] come, Sir; I cannot now enter the lists; my head is too full of this masquerade, which Miss Audley insists I must accompany her too; these public diversions sets all girls heads a gig!

*Miss Aud.* I shou'd be obliged to break my promise to lady Belville, if you did not consent to keep me in countenance; tho' I have little relish for the entertainment, and in my own mind totally disapprove of it; but I promise you the morning will not overtake me there!

*Adm.* Well said, madam; take my word that is a better receipt for a good complexion, than all the

com-

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compounds of Rouge, Pearl Powder, and Naples Dew  
in the city !

*A Servant Enters.*

Serv. Lady Beville is at the door, madam!

Miss Aud. She promised to call for us here;

Henr. You'll hand her in, Sir !

Adm. Since you are setting sail, and have unmoored,  
don't be dropping your anchors ; you have little time  
to rigg yourselves ; so I'll convey you to the coach,  
you pair of bewitching little baggages ! [Exeunt.

Enter young Egerton looking after them.

Y. Egert. How peculiar is my situation ! while  
good fortune pours upon me from almost every quar-  
ter, I dare not advance towards that alone, in which  
my happiness centers ; here ! in the same house, in  
this spot, with my sister too, yet like a guilty thing I  
cou'd not appear !

*The Admiral returns.*

Adm. Ha, Will ! don't drop astern boy ; I give you  
the signal to chace, so crowd all your sail after her ;  
'twere well for many of our fine ladies, if they had a  
little of her ballast to trim their Skiffs ; fore George !  
They'd go more steady for it.

Y. Egert. Do not mention her perfections, Sir, un-  
less you can give me hopes ; rather reverse nature, and  
tell me she is imperfection !

Adm. Why, what wou'd you have me tell you, but  
that she is a charming girl, who rises (I dare say) be-  
fore a fine lady goes to bed ; does not know a card in  
the pack ; admires the good old times more than the  
present ; and if she had but a good pilot, wou'd steer  
such a course thro' the sea of matrimony, as wou'd be  
a happy line for the sex to pursue !—O ! here comes  
Egerton !

*Enter Egerton.*

Egert. Ha, ha, ha ! no less than ten letters to my  
printer,—why a news paper conveys more intelligence,  
than all the volumes of our Historians, battles, earth-  
quakes, negociations, nostrums, houses and wives, it  
furnishes the whole catalogue of human wants !—here  
you dog, are no less than ten women who offer them-  
selves upon a little scrap of an advertisement, without

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one earthly fault either natural or acquired ; if you believe their own words ; 'twas well you run in so soon, or I shou'd have been coupled to some plaguy Smithfield bargain ; but my lawyer is better employ'd ;—You have set me right at last !

*Adm.* Did we always steer right, we shou'd never have the satisfaction of mending our course ; and after a long rough passage of contrary minds, 'tis doubly pleasant to moor ones bark under the lee of self probation !

*Egert.* When I've made amends for what's past, and provided for this fellow and his sister, I'll then enjoy it ; I like to do things that I will have thanks for, while I am alive ; that which we cannot carry with us to the other world, they are not obliged to us for leaving behind us, you know !

*Adm.* You are now a man after my own way of thinking—But 'tis time we adjourn to the tavern, and crack a few bottles after the revolutions of this day ; In the mean while we'll dispatch this young soldier, to have a sharp look out ; for your places of public entertainment here, are as much infested with privateers, as the channel at the breaking out of a French war !

(*Exeunt.*)

## A C T V.

SCENE Miss Audley's. *Enter Jenny and Strap.*

*Strap.* DEAR Jenny ! we were so hurried here and there, from this place to that place, and so on, I had only time to think of you ; nor could the variety of the Continent efface your lovely image ; and here I am, as full of love and desire—'Sdeath ! if my Master and your Lady don't hit it, what is it to us ?

*Jen.* Your Master is too wild a spark, and you are too frenchified a coxcomb for such rusticated folks as us—But by what means did you discover that we were

in London? How did you find me out? And where did you pick up such assurance, as to come here at this late hour?

*Strap.* All through that, by which many of the greatest events of life come about; by meer accident. Your Irish Uncle was to visit us: so here I posted the first moment of opportunity, and have caught you alone; the hour, the place, all conspire; your lady's chamber too, where the unhallow'd foot of man ne'er treads!

[Takes hold of her.]

*Jen.* Hands off, fellow! Tho' but a country girl, I know what is what, as well as some of my betters.

*Strap.* 'Sdeath! you've such a wholesome glow in that face, it animates more than all the paint in the universe! Come, come, now! —

[Takes hold of her. A rapping heard at the door.]

*Jen.* Mercy! the door bolted too—Oh! I shall be ruined, blasted for ever.

*Strap.* Only a little precaution, child, I learned from my master!

*Sir Terence is heard within.*

*Jen.* O Lord! It is Sir Terence himself; what will become of me?

*Strap.* Let me in here, any where: Would he were in the midst of his bogs now! He has a voice like thunder, and carries a monstrous oak stick.

*Jen.* So, so; you're off your mettle: for my own sake, get in here.

[Puts him in, and then unbolt's the door.]

*Sir Terence enters.*

*Sir Ter.* Why, I thought you were dead, and the house deserted, you keep a body so long a-waiting; What is the matter? You look as if you had seen a spirit.

*Jen.* Being a little drowsy, I---I---lay down, and---and---got sound into the most hideous dream. Lord, Sir, the very thoughts of it would make your hair stand an end, so it would!

*Sir Ter.* Aye, aye, you young hussies are often troubled in your sleep; but your dreams are not to be minded, they are only prognostics of matrimony, or

something

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something thereabouts.—But, you jade, I've slapped this knavish Jew on the back; he is in crib, and I just left a little limb of the law, preaching the christian doctrine of retribution to him.

*Jen.* By my deed, Sir, I guessed there was something extraordinary in the wind, that delayed you abroad to this hour.

*Sir Ter.* It wou'd be well bestow'd, if the fellow got four or five and forty hours of purgation; but he's too rich: 'tis only your poor dogs, who taste the bitterness of confinement—Your mistress will not stay late; I'll sit up for her.

*Jen.* Lord, Sir, my mind misgives me from this ugly dream. Suppose you were to follow her to Lady Belville's yourself now, and be in the way to escort her.

*Sir Ter.* I might as well find my way thro' the ruins of Palmira! Why, even with a guide, I've been near an hour making it from Gray's-Inn here; so, d'see! get me some aqua vitæ punch in the next room: I want something to cheer my spirits, after the hurly-burly I have had up and down here!

*Jen.* Mercy on me! — Wou'dn't you have it in the parlour, Sir? My Lady's apartment is an improper place, sure.

*Sir Ter.* Aqua vitæ is the liquor of life, the rectified spirit of my own foil, and as I don't use tobacco, wench, will do no injury; a glass of it gives more exhilaration, than a gallon of your foreign compounds!

[Goes into the room Strap went into.]

*Jen.* What will I do? A poor servant has nothing but her character, and that is soon whipt away from a body, so it is!—

*Sir Terence returns, dragging in Strap.*

*Sir Ter.* Come out here, you villain.—I'm a good old Terrier!—Villany abroad! and villany at home!—Who are you? What are you?—You were not asleep while Jenny was dreaming, I'll warrant you!

*Strap.* Pray, Sir, relax a little; for you hold me so tight, I han't respiration: but I assure you I was not on any bad purpose; the whole was perfect accident.

*Jen.* As I live, it was now; he is an old acquaintance

tance in the country, and slipt in here just to see me ; and so, Sir, when you came upon us, he ran in there, lest you should think any harm.

*Strap.* Literally the fact, upon my word, Sir !

*Sir Ter.* D'hear me, friend ! I ought to lay on Shillela, for such an attempt, even on thirteenth akin of one of our followers ; so beat a march directly, you rascal ! and thank your master ; but I'll see him in the morning, and get your mittimus for you.

*Strap.* I obey you, Sir, with all my heart and soul !

[going.]

*Sir Ter.* And, d'see ! don't let me see you here again, or I'll take the law into my own hands, and be judge, jury, and executioner myself.

*Strap.* I'll take care you shan't catch me again with the fortieth akin of one belonging to you, never fear !

[Exit.]

*Sir Ter.* Were you a native fosterer of mine, you should have penance and pilgrimages in plenty, they are an excellent antidote against such accidents in our country.

*Jen.* You wrong me, Sir, by my deed you do ! And for all this I'm as innocent as the child unborn.

[Sobbing.]

*Sir Ter.* Come, come, don't be crying about it, it will never make it a bit the better ; and faith now I'd rather find any creature innocent than guilty at any time : but where one rogue got in, another may attempt the same road ; so come, I'll have an eye to the door, and hear your defence, if any you have. Tho' where a man and a woman are catched alone together, it is ten to one but there was mischief going on !

[Exeunt.]

SCENE Mrs. Ornel's. Mowbray banding in Miss Audley in a masquerade dress.

*Mowb.* By every power of love ! I did not know you, my divine Miss Egerton, when passion hurried me to offend.— Do, my angel ! speak to me, while I gaze at those irresistible beauties which have fired my heart—— Confusion ! who have I got here ?

Miss,

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*Miss Aud.* Mr. Mowbray, I must presume you a man of honour—I am so much alarmed, I know not what to say!

*Mowb.* On my soul, Madam! I was never so much alarmed and disappointed in my life.—Why, you are the very figure, the same dress of Miss Egerton. I heard her voice, I could not be deceived. For heaven's sake, unriddle this paradox, lest, in the bewildered state of my mind, I plunge into some extravagance or other.

*Miss Aud.* What can I say? I am myself all amazement, and know not what to conjecture!

*Mowb.* There is some sad business on foot! With beauty to enflame, and power to force, what may be the consequence, even before this? You are now, Madam, in a place of security; endeavour to compose yourself: I am on the wing, and will never stop till I recover Miss Egerton! [Exit.]

*Miss Aud.* What all this is, or how we were separated, I know not? I was never so terrified!

*Young Egerton enters.*

*Y. Egert.* Miss Audley here! Amazement! Shall I venture to speak to her? Fluctuating between hope and fear, I know not how to address her.—Madam, if, after your severe injunction, I venture to approach you, you must attribute it to chance, which has given me this happy opportunity.

*Miss Aud.* Oh, Sir! my resolution is overborne by what has happened.

*Y. Egert.* In what has happened!—

*Miss Aud.* Yes, something fatal, I fear! nor can I tell you what it is.

*Y. Egert.* You alarm me! Where is my sister, Madam?

*Miss Aud.* We were separated in the street, I know not how: Mr. Mowbray conducted me in safety here, and is just gone in the violence of disappointment.

*Y. Egert.* Confusion! Excuse me, Madam: dear as you are to me, a sister's safety must for a moment supersede every other thought; Mrs. Ornel is a person of prudence. Let me conduct you to her, while I pursue this audacious libertine.

Mifs

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Miss Aud. Fly, Sir ; her safety is essential to my happiness. I should never see a moment of ease, were any mischief to happen her, and I in some measure the innocent cause.

Enter Mrs. Ornel.

Mrs. Orn. Mercy ! What is all this ? Where is your sister, Miss Audley, where have you left her ?

Y. Egert. You see her situation, nor can she resolve you : Yes, yes, Mowbray is at the bottom of it. Fool that I was, not to chastise the first advances of this audacious man ! — I leave Miss Audley in your care ; a moment must not be delayed ! [Exit.

Mrs. Orn. You had better come in and repose yourself, Madam. Would to heaven ! we had ne'er seen this Mowbray ! I will run myself in pursuit of her, old as I am. [Exeunt.

SCENE a Tavern. *A noise is heard within. Mowbray leads in Miss Egerton, dressed in the same manner as Miss Audley.*

Mowb. Fear nothing, my angel ; the villains are secured.—How she trembles !

Henri. What ! Mr. Mowbray, and my deliverer ! Oh, Sir, I can only say I thank you.

Mowb. Inspired by you, I could have drove off a troop of such banditti. — What fresh charms expand themselves ? How lovely does this distress sit on those features, which Nature has already cast in its softest mold ? (*apart*) — Compose yourself, Madam ; your spirits have sustained a shock, but as you have escaped the danger, endeavour to forget it !

Enter Admiral Swivel.

Adm. The pirates are secured, they found they were overmatched, tho' you attacked with odds against you. 'Fore George ! I'm rejoiced Egerton and I were at our bottle here together, to give a hand. I thought it only a scuffle in the tavern, about some girl of the town.

Mowb. They are fortunately disappointed : You see the Lady's distress, do not remind her of the occasion.

Adm.

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*Adm.* Yes, poor thing, she had reason, faith ! — Child, you are obliged to this gentleman. — Fury and death ! my own niece, and bedisen'd like an actress. 'Sdeath ! what wind blew you to this quarter ?

*Henri.* Oh, Sir ! my tears deprive me of recollection. Thank Heaven you are here : you will not leave me ?

*Adm.* No, no ; we'll not part till I steer you safe into port. 'Twas a warm engagement, and a rough gale ; no wonder you have suffered a little in your rigging : but since 'tis no worse, think no more about it, we'll soon refit you again. Give me your hand ; you're a brave fellow ! Doft belong to the navy ? Eh !

*Mowb.* No, Sir ; 'tis too rough an element for me.

*Adm.* No matter : I like a brave man in any element ; so come, my girl, we'll set sail, and leave the prizes to follow.

*Mowb.* As I have been a fortunate instrument of rescuing her, you'll allow me the honour of attending her home ?

*Adm.* So you shall.—Give him your hand, child, while I support you.

*Enter Young Egerton.*

*Y. Egert.* Villain ! draw, and defend yourself !

*Henri.* Mercy ! brother, brother, desist !

*Adm.* The battle's over, and the enemy struck already, so clap up your sword. 'Sdeath ! see how you have frightened her.—Lean on me, child.

*Y. Egert.* You here, Sir, and my sister safe !

*Adm.* Safe and sound, as you see.—This gentleman retook her from the corsairs. Ay, faith, and stood a warm engagement too. I know not how we'll be able to thank him.

*Y. Egert.* And was not he the occasion of all this ?

*Adm.* Fury ! I tell you no. Some pirates had made her strike her colours, and were carrying her off, but the croud being gathered, and the sea running high, they put in here with their prize, where he attacked them, and the rogues are now secured under the hatches.

*Henri.*

*Henri.* To Mr. Mowbray, brother, I am indeed, indebted for my safety ; I know not how, but he providentially came to my assistance in the moment of danger ?

*Mow.* We are yet ignorant from whence this attempt proceeded ; I very luckily passed by at the instant ; had I not before offended, I shou'd not have known Miss Egerton's voice !

*Y. Eger.* Miss Audley too was involved ; but I will enquire no farther ;—and own my error ; we are indebted to you indeed, Mr. Mowbray !

*Mow.* Did you shew less spirit where such a sister was concerned, you were unworthy of being her brother ; — the performing the duty of a man confers no obligation !

*Adm.* I like you more than I did for these sentiments !—your friend Leslie, Will ! is within there with Mr. Egerton, so we have a sufficient force to convoy her home, and guard the prisoners.

*Mow.* Yes, Sir, I believe there will be little danger.—Madam there is nothing to fear now !

*Adm.* Ay, ay, cheer up my girl ! you have lost nothing, and have found a worthy person ; the villainy of the world is a foil to its integrity, and without one, we shou'd be little sensible of the other !—I'll trust to your's and this gentleman's care, while I join Egerton and endeavour to fathom this business ; and when we get together just now, we'll be as noisy and as merry, (after this storm) as the decency of Mrs. Ornel's house will allow us !

(*Exeunt.*)

S C E N E changes to Mrs. ORNEL'S.

*Miss Audley and Sir Terence.*

*Sir Ter.* I thought my legs woud not carry me fast enough ! no sooner one discovery, than another surprize tumbles on the back of it ! but since you are safe ; why never mind a little bit of a fright !

*Miss Aud.* Indeed, Sir ! you have been expeditious ; but I know not what to think, and every moment crowds with apprehensions !

*Sir Ter.* Come, come, now ! don't be anticipateing bad news before hand ; it is time enough for one to know it, when it comes ; so make an advantage of what is

past ; it may be of service to you all the days of your life ! —

*Miss Aud.* This incident has withdrawn the veil, and I begin to view the world with other eyes !

*Sir Ter.* Why then, I am heartily glad it has fallen out : that is worth more than a bit of a fright at any time ; your maid was in greater danger just now I fancy ? but she was innocent for all the appearances of things ; it is bad to be censuring without proof, there are real occasions for it every hour, and not to be hugging in the fictitious !

*Miss Aud.* The safety of my friend engages every thought, nor can I turn to any other ; my patience is near exhausted ! — In this age of refinement, how is that character sullied, by base attempts on helpless women ?

*Sir Ter.* Why such things will happen, 'till they possess fewer attractions ; beauty, and sprightly dispositions, will inflame to mad attempts ; but none but scoundrels will use indiscreet means for all that ! — but tell me where I'll find this friend of yours ? and my service shan't be wanting to a woman in distress ? — who have we here ? the whole masquerade I believe !

*Enter Miss Egerton and Mowbray.*

*Miss Aud.* It is she, thank heaven ! and safe ; (*runs and embraces her*)

*Sir Ter.* Now I hope she's satisfied !

*Henri.* I almost forgot my own danger ; since it has been the means of your escaping.

*Mowb.* I find it was you they sought for, madam ; and you will just now learn from whence it proceeded.

*Sir Ter.* Why then I don't admire at it now ; for they are so like one another, that I would find it hard to distinguish the difference myself !

*Mowb.* To that the disappointment of the villains is to be attributed.

*Sir Ter.* Added to your assistance I find : and since my niece is under an obligation to you (tho' we disagreed before) why take her now, and you'll then repay yourself ! —

*Mowb.* Where her own approbation authorises ; that man can be alone worthy of her ; as to me, Sir, (who,

(who, a few hours since) was instability and caprice, with pride now confess! that I have resolved to throw them off, and am wholly possessed by a pure, tho' lively love ; and as this lady (*to Miss Egerton*) when unknown, gave birth to a loose passion, so she now suppresses the idea, and communicates those delightful sensations unknown to libertines, —will you not then my angel (as you made the convert,) kindly condescend to cherish those principles which spring from yourself ?

*Enter Admiral Swivel.*

*Adm.* And so she shall ! — who is so well intitled to the prize as he who has fought for it ; Leslie has told me sufficient about you ; she shall be deep enough laden never fear, and here comes one will lend a hand to a freight her !

*Enter Egerton.*

*Eger.* With more pleasure than ever I follow'd my fox hounds : take her, Sir, she is a mettled thing ; but you'll run well enough together coupled, I'll warrant ye ! and to shew you I will not be backward in adding to the means, I'll come back to you just now with something to the purpose !

[*Exit.*]

*Mowb.* With her it wou'd be a sublimity of happiness ! a bliss superior to our circumscribed idea !

*Adm.* Come my girl, I never knew a slow going thing good for service ; — if he has had a strong taint of the liberties and fripperies of the times, he seems to have (notwithstanding) an ingenious and susceptible heart ; and that's no small circumstance to secure the happiness of a wife, let me tell you ?

*Henri.* Possessed with a lively sense of the obligation which I have just been under ; it wou'd be affectation to pretend to be insensible of what Mr. Mowbray has proposed ; but let me not thus be taken by surprize ; he has my gratitude, my wishes ; it is all my delicacy can now allow me to give.

[*Exit.*]

*Adm.* Give chace ! give chace ! Mr. Mowbray ; it is only a female flag of defiance, while her spirits are agitated, and her deliverance stares her in the face, seize the moment of success, away ! away !

[*Exit Mowbray.*

Sir

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Sir Ter. Why faith! here is a miraculous sort of a transition here now; you were all in confusion a while ago, and you now begin to pair like turtles; it wou'd be bad for the proctors, if all our young fellows of fashion were as near being so happily nuzzled!

Enter young Egerton.

Adm. Well, Nephew, I hope the villains are secure, for tho' the consequence is likely to turn out fortunate, they must not escape punishment!

Y. Eger. They have confessed: the attempt was made by a broken gamester, a neighbour of Miss Audley's in the country, who pursued her to town.—It was fortunate his impatience made him attempt carrying her off, as they were going to the masquerade; as a later hour wou'd have afforded a greater probability of success.

Miss Aud. They had got us both out, when Mr. Mowbray came up, and in the confusion, they mistook the unsuspecting Egerton.

Enter Leslie.

Lef. I have dispatched the fellows under the guard of M'Pherson and the waiters, to Sir John Fielding; the evidence of the chairmen will be sufficient to commit them.—They are honest Irish fellows, and seconded Mr. Mowbray powerfully!

Adm. Nor shall they be forgot. Honesty is a scarce commodity, and the taking so little care to reward it, is no small encouragment to villainy!

Sir Ter. Well, now we see, that if the roguery of the world be weighed in one scale, there is honesty enough yet to be found to balance the other: so cheer up, my girl! Faith you women are but weak machines after all, without us men to protect you.

Miss Aud. Educated in retirement, yet solicitous to know the world, from antient books I gathered antient systems, and formed my mind to what the world was. An infant in my knowledge of these times, I beseech the kind indulgence of my friends, to guard me from the snares which wait my inexperience; and teach me present virtue?

Y. Eger. Divine girl!

Adm.

*Adm.* Madam, I admired you before, but now I am transported with you.—The bravest men have often the greatest proportion of modesty: No wonder if a young soldier should be fired with charms, which animate such an old rough seaman as I am.—His family, Sir Terence, there is no objection to, his fortune is Mr. Egerton's and my care.

*Y. Egert.* From your goodness, I can now presume to avow a passion, which I have long endeavoured to suppress. It is a sincere one, Madam, and my fate depends upon you.

*Sir Ter.* Say no more about it, man! Don't you know that a woman consents when she says nothing at all. I guessed how it wou'd be at last; things are only accelerated a little, that's all.

*Lef.* Egerton, I congratulate you, and know you are worthy of her! He has long admired you, Madam, and his principles and delicacy in the pursuit, are now indeed justly rewarded.

*Enter Mowbray banding in Henrietta.*

*Adm.* That's brave! you have got her in tow, I see; we have not been idle here neither.

*Mowb.* What, Captain Egerton and Miss Audley! Yes, I read the transports of his bosom in his countenance; I sincerely give you joy, and hope I shall approve myself deserving of your sister's hand!

*Sir Ter.* Why then, we are all satisfied now!

*Miss Egert.* But my dear Miss Audley, your maid is below; and I find it is to you I am obliged for the notes, which we attributed to Mr. Mowbray. The act was generous, it was humane, and now deserves my thanks.

*Y. Egert.* What additional charms does every moment add to her!

*Lef.* I am glad the right owner is found at last. Egerton you'll have no occasion to refund now, I believe.

*Sir Ter.* Faith it is odd enough for a man to pay himself!

*Mowb.* Surrounded with happiness, it wou'd be ungenerous to retaliate; but you have heard, Miss Audley, what I had like to have suffered on account of these

these same notes; yet in it, Madam, there was concealed true goodness; a blossom flowering from benevolence, the fruit must ripen happy!

*Enter Egerton and Mrs. Ornel.*

*Egert.* You see Mrs. Ornel, things have turned out well by your not dislodging me with your nonsense and stuff: Here nephew is a thousand a year for you at present, and the remainder of the estate at my death! and here, niece, are ten thousand pounds for you; Mr. Mowbray won't like you a bit the worse for it.

*Sir Ter.* Why then faith! if ten thousand will not make Miss Egerton less acceptable to Mr. Mowbray; it will do this young gentleman no harm to get six thousand more than he thinks, with my niece; which a little Israelite, who is now in captivity, must pay him for his redemption.

*Mowb.* What, my providore, Issacher? I have some matters to settle with him too; tho' they may not be so sudden, they will be as certain.

*Sir Ter.* Never fear then, he won't run away from you; he's safe enough I'll warrant him.—But I think Miss Egerton you said, my niece's maid was below?

*Mrs. Orn.* Yes, poor creature! I ran out myself on the alarm, and found her running here out of breath.

*Sir Ter.* Why then see, Mr. Mowbray! you must make a match of it between her and your man; I'll tell you the reasons another time; but it is the way with us of patching up a reputation.

*Mowb.* If it must be so, Sir Terence, I shall have sufficient room for them in my family; as my foreign mercenaries shall be now dispersed: and I blush to own, I have so long entertained them, while so many of our own countrymen want employment.

*Adm.* Why now you speak like a Briton: you were as unlike one before, as one of the exotics at Kew, to an Oak in Whittlebury.

*Lef.* An excellent simile, Admiral! he deserved it to my knowledge.

*Sir. Ter.* So it is, faith!—The devil take their exotics, they'll banish all our sound timber at last! But here is an Englishman, an Irishman, and a Scotch man, agreed upon one point together; and if they'd take my advice

advice now, they'd always endeavour to do so ; for we have enemies enough abroad, and not to be disputing among ourselves at home !

*Morub.* If that opinion was generally adapted, it wou'd remove these idle distinctions, which are a disgrace to us ; we shou'd then see the national glory shine with double splendor, supported by an united phalanx of the empire ! Public duty wou'd revive private virtue ; we shou'd see glorious Patriots and good citizens ; find our wives preferred to other women ! and our country to the rest of the globe.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

T H E E N D.

CE C. D. E / M. C. C. A

CE C. D. E / M. C. C. A

